The Outlook

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THE GERMAN DEFEAT

From the Marne to the Vesle the Allied forces—French, British, and American—have swept the German masses back, and have wiped out what has been known as the Marne salient. This is the obvious way to state what has happened in these momentous days on the western front; for it tells what can be seen and recorded on the map. That, however, is only one aspect of this great battle, the end of which, as we write, does not yet seem to have come. The great truth is not that territory has been delivered from German occupation, or that a danger which threatened Paris has been averted, but that the German army, under its most powerful military leaders, working with that machine-like efficiency for which its builders planned, has been dealt a staggering blow.

Geographical position does not determine victory, though it may lead to victory. What wins is the destruction of the enemy's forces. This cannot be too often repeated. If the German forces had been withdrawn to a new line without suffering loss of men or material or morale, it might conceivably have been a German gain. This retreat, however, is a German defeat and an Allied victory inasmuch as it has been costly to the Germans. They have lost not only great numbers of men in killed and wounded and captured, and an unmeasured quantity of guns and ammunition captured or destroyed, but also military power and military initiative.

This defeat is proved not merely by evidence that at times their retreat was disorderly and precipitate, but by the fact that the Allies, under the masterly generalship of Foch, have been able to maintain a slow and constant pressure, and have been able to increase that pressure after days of fighting. This is what makes the contrast between the German attacks that created the great salients on the western line this year and the Allied offensive which has wiped one of those salients out. The Germans began their attack with a rush, overwhelming apparently everything before them, but after some days slowed down, and finally, like a ship grounding itself on a sandy beach, came to a stop. The Allied attack, on the other hand, began moderately, continued, came to a rest for a day or two, then renewed itself, and still later gained in speed, like a ship forcing its way through impeding blocks of ice; and even yet, after three weeks, there is no proof that the power of that offensive has been reduced. The news on August 6 was that the Germans were standing at the Vesle; but they had stood before in the middle of the preceding week where the lines ran but little north of Fère-en-Tardenois, and then dipped southward to Sergy and Cierges; and it was afterwards that the greatest rush of the attack came and the German retreat became most precipitate. So before these words reach our readers there may possibly be a renewal of the offensive. Indeed, there are signs that the German commanders sense danger in other parts of the line, for they have ordered withdrawals in the neighborhood of Armentières, Albert, and Montdidier.

THE TWO BATTLES OF THE MARNE

What has happened since the Germans began their attack at the Marne on July 15 and were forced to turn that attack into a terrible retreat cannot now be fully known, and may not be for months. Indeed, it was a year before the real character of the first battle of the Marne was widely understood, and even now there are prevalent popular misconceptions about it. So it is too much to expect that the real nature of this battle can be understood at present. There is in one respect, however, a very striking parallel between this battle of the Marne and that which was fought four years ago. It is a parallel, not of tactics, but of what might be called moral strategy.

When those German hordes, disciplined but lawless, struck through Belgium in 1914, and swept on down toward Paris, the German generals unquestionably expected Joffre to come forth to meet them as soon as he could. Joffre's armies had been mobilized along the border of Alsace-Lorraine. Instead of marching his army forth to meet the Germans and to give them battle as near to Flanders as he could, Joffre swung his troops around between Paris and Verdun—and waited. That period of waiting was a test of courage such as few men in history have ever been subjected to. Joffre knew that by waiting he was letting that northern region of France, his France, be overrun by men worse than barbarians; he nevertheless waited and received their blow, and while those Germans were relaxed in what seemed to them easy victory—for they had pierced Joffre's lines—Joffre sent Foch's small army at them, struck them while they were off their guard, and drove them back to the Aisne.

In the second battle of the Marne, which has been the climax of this summer's campaign, Foch has shown the same kind of sublime courage. When the Germans started across the Chemin-des-Dames, he knew that it was no time to withstand them, and he let them overrun that beautiful country and retired before them, giving them a chance to form that big pocket whose bottom touched the Marne. At the time it seemed to us that the Germans had come in there almost at Foch's invitation, so that he might have them at his mercy when he was ready to strike them on the flank. Whether it was Foch's will or merely his acquiescence, it was also undoubtedly the Germans' overweening confidence and stupid underestimate of the enemy's moral power which created the Marne salient, and which made this second battle of the Marne possible. And again, while the Germans were relaxed by what they thought was victory and the opening of a new road to Paris, the French struck, as they had struck before. Though geographically this second battle of the Marne is not as extensive after three weeks as the first battle of the Marne was after the same length of time, its moral significance is the same, and its consequences may be as momentous.

THE AMERICANS IN THE THICK OF IT

Americans can hardly be blamed for feeling the greatest satisfaction, not only in the successive victories that have followed the fighting on the Marne, but particularly in the part that American troops have taken in that fighting. These men—most of them a year ago untrained in the art of war—have shown a power and a kind of naïve competence in this warfare that has elicited the praise not only of their own officers but of the French; and that is the highest praise that soldiers can receive.

An incident sent to us by a friend in a private letter to The Outlook illustrates what these American soldiers have contributed to the fighting forces there between Soissons and Rheims. "Knowing a dab of French," this friend of The Outlook's, who is a member of an engineer corps at the front, writes, "I asked a little gamin the other day what he thought of the *soldats américains*. He scratched his head. 'They are very brave, and very *drôle*,' said he, thoughtfully, then with an inimitable laugh (I wish I could remember his French), 'but oh, what fools! Tell them to take a trench and they take THREE!'"

A high estimate of the spirit and courage of the American troops has been expressed by General Pau, who was in command of French troops in Alsace at the beginning of this war, and who is now in this country as military member of the French Economic Mission.

Among the American troops in the fighting have been some American Indians. One despatch tells of a group of Indians in one regiment who worked together and were known as the "Border Patrol." They had two leaders, one a lieutenant, an educated Indian; the other an uneducated one, a private.

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Two of these Indians worked their way through the German lines, Indian fashion, and reached a point several miles beyond the line, where some Prussian officers were feasting and drinking wine in a château. One of the Indian scouts threw a grenade through the window, put a sudden stop to the revelry, and stretched several officers out on the floor. In spite of the alarm, these two Indians worked their way back to our lines, though one of them was mortally wounded.

In the battle Americans from practically all the States have been engaged in hard fighting. Of course our casualty lists have begun to mount. Up to a short time ago the total casualties suffered by the Americans from the beginning of the war barely equaled the number suffered by the British in a week. Now our turn is coming. We must prepare our minds and hearts for it. Many mothers and fathers will find their anxieties growing acute or turning into sorrow. There is no doubt what the effect will be upon us all. It will be to make our cause seem more hallowed, make our wills more determined to see this fight through, and make our determination more inflexible that there can be no peace ever arranged with a Power whose religion is that of Odin and whose necessity or greed knows no law. Every American that dies in our fighting forces in France or elsewhere is a new lesson of the penalty that we are suffering for letting such a power grow in the world, and therefore a lesson that we must never let it continue. The names of those who are killed or wounded or missing are necessarily slow in coming to this country, because it takes a long time to search out hospitals, to record and compare lists. This is why during all these days when we have been hearing the story of these heavy battles our casualty lists have remained small, but they are beginning to become larger, and we must be ready to expect our casualties to be proportionate to the vast numbers of men whom we have in this war. Meantime it is well for us to remember that, though the total numbers seem large, the percentage is not unusual for the kind of fighting that has been required to drive the Germans back.

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA

While this battle has been continuing, word has been given out that Americans have been landed at Archangel in Russia, and have been greeted enthusiastically by the people there. It has been evident for some time that unless we were willing to have Russia fall under the dominion of Germany completely, we should have to be represented in Russia by a military force. Indeed, over a year ago The Outlook urged the sending of a small body of American soldiers to Russia as a pledge of our earnestness as an ally and as a proof to people seeking liberty that freedom was compatible with discipline. For reasons which we have never been able to accept as conclusive, such action has been postponed; but it was bound to come. And now the next few weeks are likely to see American troops, not only in Archangel, but also in Vladivostok as part of an international force to co-operate with the Czechoslovaks in providing a nucleus around which anti-German Russians may rally. It is becoming increasingly evident that any policy based on consideration for the feelings of Lenine and Trotsky and the other Bolshevik leaders is bound to be ruinous. What Russia needs, and what the Russian people will soon be craving even more than they crave it now, is the re-establishment of law and order in place of the intolerable anarchy that now prevails. The whole question is whether law and order are to be re-established under autocratic—that is, German—direction, or under the inspiration and leadership of the free, self-governing peoples of the Allies. While we hesitate, Germany acts. While we investigate and inquire and debate and discuss and ask for reports, Germany gets control. What the Allied cause needs in the matter of Russia is leadership. We hail the news of the arrival of military units in Russia as a sign that the Allied cause may have that leadership. The President, in an official announcement, has declared that "what we are about to do has as its single and only object the rendering of such aid as shall be acceptable to the Russian people themselves in their endeavor to regain control of their own affairs, their own territory, and their own destiny." And he adds these significant words, which the Russians may have needed but Americans ought not to have required, that "the Japanese Government, it is understood, will issue a similar assurance."

ON THE OCEAN HIGHWAYS

Submarine warfare, though it has failed of its object and is bound to fail of its object, continues. On Tuesday of last week word was received from England that the Germans had recorded another great victory in sinking a hospital ship, or, as the despatch called it, an ambulance transport. This is one of the most contemptible of the German methods of fighting, if it can be called fighting. Even if it is called assassination, it is a peculiarly contemptible form of assassination. One hundred and twenty-three lives are reported as lost. Most of these were men lying helpless in one of the wards on the ship. Parts of this ward were blown to bits, and the rest of it cut off by the destruction of the gangway. The wonder is that the majority of the wounded aboard were saved.

Submarines have also been attacking shipping off the American coast. Schooners and fishing boats have been destroyed and tankers sunk. The operations have taken place at two points—one off the Virginia coast, the other off the coast of Maine and Nova Scotia.

The struggle, however, is constantly going against the submarine. Sir Joseph Maclay, the British Controller of Shipping, in a statement published in the New York "Times," reviews the great work that has been done in transporting men and supplies, and declares that the military problem is in the last analysis a tonnage problem, and that "the war for the Allies is first, last, and all the time a question of ships and yet more ships."

THE INDIAN'S METTLE

It was reported a few days ago that the Onondagas were about to declare war on the German Empire. The Onondagas are an allied and friendly nation to our own. They live on one of the reservations in New York State, and their rights antedate the creation of that State, of which they are the largest Indian tribe. Some of these reservations preserve in remarkable purity the old Indian traditions, languages, customs, and manners.

The action of the Onondagas is typical of the attitude towards the war of all the Indians in the country. Mr. Cato Sells, the Indian Commissioner, has stated that the Indians subscribed over $13,000,000 to the first three Liberty Loans. Of the thousands of Indians in our military service many are volunteers, who willingly accepted the strictest discipline. Concerning their physical fitness Mr. Sells says: "Our Indian military enrollments, being largely from the student class, have had military drills and movements, besides systematic athletics, in connection with their school work, and from the resulting discipline of such exercises they are in a measure prepared for the more rigid tests of the training camp, and, as a rule, are in fine physique and good health."

Mr. Sells is opposed to independent Indian units, large or small; he believes that Indians should enter the Army upon the same basis as other citizens and be "mixed indiscriminately among the whites, elbow to elbow, so that they may absorb the English language, habits, and civilization of their white brothers."

Thus the Indians have notably shown their mettle during recent days. One of the two Indians whose exploit in scouting beyond the enemy's lines we have told above was mortally wounded. On his return, on meeting a fellow-Indian, his remark was merely, "How are you? I'm all right." In that laconic remark, Indian-like, is hidden a shining truth. That dying Indian was truly all right. He had given his life fighting a *Kultur* that is as hateful to the Indian as it is to the free white man. And, like that Indian, the Indians at home are "all right."

THE EFFORT OF THE FRENCH COLONIES

"To-day, from Paris to the frontier, a common grave is shared by our own offspring and our colonial sons—fair-skinned Gauls, black Africans, brown Berbers, yellow Alsatians, and swarthy West Indians." So spoke the eloquent Senator Béranger, of France, some time ago.

Germans reproach the French for having drawn up on the

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battlefields of Europe the representatives of these different races. Had France used them for purposes of aggression in Europe, such a reproach might possibly not have been found altogether unreasonable. But the present conflict, says M. Albert Lebrun, late Minister of Colonies, in a recent brochure, "was forced upon us against our will;" hence "is it not a peculiarly touching sight to observe this rallying to the French standards of all those colored races in their desire to pay a debt of gratitude to the elder brothers" who have brought peace, security, and justice into their respective countries?

To this conflict the French colonials rushed—the Algerians, Tunisians, Senegalese, and Sudanese, the Madagascar islanders, and the Indo-Chinese. The military co-operation took the shape of sending to France at the very outbreak of hostilities all troops not strictly required for the safety of the countries in which they were stationed, and, subsidiarily, by recruiting native levies to feed the units at the front and constitute new forces. While the movement seemed most vivid from Morocco to Timbuctu and beyond, the older colonies, like Guadeloupe, Martinique, French Guiana, and Réunion, also contributed a goodly number to swell the French effectives. The total amounted to several hundred thousand men. They behaved well under fire; indeed, they accomplished gallant deeds of valor. But fighting men were not the only men sent by the colonies to France. With all the able-bodied elements of the French population called to the colors, it was essential both to meet the economic requirements of France and to insure the production of war material on an unprecedented scale. Hence the necessity of importing colonial labor. Thousands are now being employed in state factories, so M. Lebrun informs his readers, or in private works engaged on war contracts, or in work on farms and vineyards.

But there was colonial fighting on colonial ground to do. French African possessions adjoin two former German colonies, Togoland and Kamerun, the first a small, the latter a large, colony. In West Africa, Togoland lies between the British Gold Coast colony and French Dahomey; Kamerun, between British Nigeria and the French Congo. The conquest of Togoland was speedy and comparatively easy. The conquest of Kamerun was longer and more arduous. Not only is the country much larger, but it is covered in part by practically impenetrable tracts of forest and bush and intersected by rapids and swamps. To these natural defenses the Germans, says M. Lebrun, had added others, applying to the process all the resources of that technical skill they have shown in Continental warfare—forts and blockhouses, with loopholed walls and underground shelters; deep and shallow trenches; casemates for machine guns; manholes; stretches of barbed wire; ditches, with boards bristling with sharp-pointed nails, etc. Finally, in January, 1916, Kamerun was conquered, and has now been evacuated by the Germans. Each colony has been divided into two parts, administered respectively by the English and the French until such time as the ultimate fate of the territory comes up for settlement.

While the assistance in men given to her by the colonies was of the first necessity to France, the importance of colonial supplies in food and raw materials should not be overlooked. North Africa (Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis) has sent to France great quantities of cereals, wool, wine, and vegetables; Indo-China has sent hundreds of thousands of tons of rice, corn, rubber, cotton, and ores; western and equatorial Africa have sent rubber, timber, cotton, and cattle; Madagascar has sent meat and vegetables; the West Indian islands and Réunion have sent sugar, coffee, and cocoa; French Guiana has sent gold ore, and New Caledonia nickel ore; finally, St. Pierre-de-Miquelon has sent cod.

Nor is the financial participation to be overlooked—perhaps the most significant participation of all when one considers how the war has interfered with business generally.

England has been well called the mother of colonies. But we question whether, in this war, even the British colonies have shown a finer proportionate record than those of France.

GALLANT CAPTAIN DANKER

Many clergymen have gone with the fighting forces to France. Some of them have become fighters. Others have gone in their capacity as chaplains—not to fight, but to give strength to the fighting men and to share their dangers. The first of these chaplains to fall was Captain Walton S. Danker, Chaplain of the 104th Regiment, whose portrait is printed in this issue.

A popular and greatly beloved clergyman of Worcester, Massachusetts, he was accustomed to bear other people's burdens. His friend, the Rev. Dr. Percy H. Epler, writes us: "In civil life Captain Danker was always shouldering the burden, letting the other fellow have the honors, and then praising him for the way things went so successfully. . . . He had in him the innate fiber of the real military leader. His life always had been preparing him—this suggesting the virtue even for clergymen of military training, which in action meant such a boon to him as chaplain. Sergeant-Major of Boston Latin School Cadets, he always inclined to a military bent. He was chaplain of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, 1904–6, and of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, 1909–16. The strain of loyalty in his father, so long a naval chaplain, also affected him. This same trait was in Chaplain Danker's brother, the Rev. Frederick H. Danker, rector of St. Luke's, Worcester. He, too, went to the front, leaving his parish, some two miles from St. John's, where his brother Walton had been some years before."

Chaplain Walton Danker was with his regiment on the Mexican border, where he made daring rides across the line, on one of which he was lost, but found again. Then his regiment, the Second Massachusetts, was merged into the 104th United States Regiment for France.

What Chaplain Danker meant to the men is expressed in the homely words of a private who wrote in the midst of action:

> Gee, but isn't our chaplain a game fellow? He was out in the shell-fire where the Boches were putting over the shells in volume and in great rapidity. Chaplain Danker was helping the wounded and encouraging the other boys to keep up the fight. He was around after we got out of the trenches, as happy as a lark. His example would make a soldier out of any one.

This is the sort of man, as he appeared to his own comrades, who was the first to fall of those men who go to the front armed only by the insignia of the Cross. An officer, writing from the place where Chaplain Danker fell on June 15, has sent a description which is thus paraphrased and condensed by a friend:

> Chaplain Danker was prepared to lead the men in divine service when eleven giant shells fell, killing one and wounding several. Captain Danker stood out in the open, ready to serve after the wounded had been treated. In a few minutes again a fusillade of shells fell, killing three and wounding several men, Chaplain Danker among them. After a fight for his life, attended by his brother, the Rev. Frederick Danker, also at the front, Chaplain Danker died Tuesday night, June 18.

Catholics as well as Protestants, laymen as well as clergy, in central Massachusetts and in the neighborhood of Boston held meetings commemorating this friend of men, this shepherd that laid down his life, this gallant captain.

A BRITISH PACIFIST

Lord Lansdowne, who once before has urged a negotiated peace with Germany, has come out in a letter renewing his doctrine. Again he laments "the toll which the war is claiming." Again he mourns that "the civilized world is being drained of its resources and spending its energies in purely destructive efforts." And he says, "Apparently we are as far as ever from the end." What he wants is some new assurance from his Government as to the conditions on which it is willing to make peace. He assumes that no peace can be made without some preliminary agreement. He deplores the temptation to use broad generalities. He calls President Wilson's Fourth of July speech "a picture drawn by the great master of the Golden Age to which we are bidden to look forward." But he says that the speech is not an outline of peace terms.

So Lord Lansdowne goes on talking about this as if it were an ordinary war, on an ordinary basis, for ordinary ends, when, as a matter of fact, it is not a war in that sense at all, but is, in fact, a *posse comitatus* out to round up a gang of bandits. Lord Lansdowne's letter is futile and foolish, not because he is not perfectly sincere, but because he does not understand the

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forces at work in the world to-day. Can it be possible that Lord Lansdowne, who is a representative of the privileged caste of Great Britain, fears that the result of a prolongation of the war will be such a democratization of society that his caste will be destroyed; and is he therefore either consciously or subconsciously actuated by self-interest?

Statesman though he has been, he does not understand the new spirit of the nations. If Lord Lansdowne were to visit one or two of our cantonments and see our soldiers, he would get a different impression of this war from that which he can derive from his place in the upper chamber of the British Parliament; and he might be able to realize that our men are not out to fight for a set of peace terms, but are out to determine that whatever terms shall be arranged shall be made by free peoples. The real crux of the question at issue is not what the peace terms are going to be, but who is going to decide them. And that question cannot be settled until Germany is beaten and humbled and put into the position of the moral bankrupt that she is.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND PEACE

There still seems to be hope in some circles that the German nation can be induced to make a just and democratic peace by appeals to their reason. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, is apparently of this opinion. It is the view of a certain faction of the English Liberals of whom Lord Lansdowne may be said to be the spokesman, although he is in politics a Conservative Tory. In his second peace letter just published, upon which we comment above, Lord Lansdowne urges entering into negotiations with Germany. With whom these pacifists hope to negotiate they do not tell us. In the meantime those who are most familiar with the present spirit and temper of Germany are insistent in their warnings against the dangers of even thinking that the Junker and militaristic class in Germany can be negotiated with. Dr. Frank Bohn, an American of German ancestry, who has written many illuminating articles interpreting the spirit and design of the Pan-Germanists, published in the New York "Times" recently a striking article in which he reports the views of some intimate friends of his who, although Germans, are now expatriated and living in Switzerland. All four of these men agree in saying that the only salvation for Germany lies in her military defeat. The first of these friends has been, says Dr. Bohn, for many years a distinguished leader in the industrial life of Germany. He is quoted as saying:

> The number of people in Germany that respects anything but force is utterly negligible. For twenty years I have wished to join a democratic party in Germany and work toward disarmament, anti-imperialism, and republican institutions, but there was no such party for me to join. I would have joined even the smallest group. But there was no group which had the courage to organize. . . . I am hopeless, utterly hopeless, about Germany. Only complete defeat can give her a new beginning.

The second man "is a profound scholar" whose home was in Munich. Dr. Bohn said to him that in Munich there must be left some of the old Southern German love of life for its own sake. "You're wrong," was the reply. ". . . That's why I had to leave. There isn't a shred left of the old cultural life of Germany. Poetry is dead and real music is on its last legs. People think of absolutely nothing but getting rich individually and browbeating other peoples nationally. . . . Don't think that you can talk to them about freedom and have them understand you—yet awhile. You must beat them down physically first."

The fourth of Dr. Bohn's friends is a distinguished journalist of Berlin. In talking with him he used some phrases and comparisons that made Dr. Bohn laugh. The German's reply is worth quoting in full:

> "Yes, yes, you may well laugh, you fellows who sit there in your America, four thousand miles away from our *Sabel Hollunken* (saber-rattling wretches) and enjoy yourselves. If you had had to endure what we have had during these years, you would laugh out of the other side of your mouth."
>
> I tried to turn the subject. "Can't you write something," I said, "that would really get hold of these people and bring them to their senses?"
>
> "Write something! Write something! Nonsense! Haven't I been writing my fingers off for thirty years! What those fellows need is not ideas for their brains. They need bombs on their skulls."
>
> "But we expect some help from within," I went on.
>
> "Help can come only from one place," he said, "from Bethlehem—Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. But you do not realize it fully. They will cheat you yet—those Junkers. Having won half the world by bloody murder, they are going to win the other half with tears in their eyes, crying for mercy."

Dr. Bohn, we believe, has a saner point of view than Lord Lansdowne. Let us have peace, by all means, but it must be preceded by unconditional surrender.

SHALL GERMANY BE EXCLUDED FROM WORLD TRADE?

How far the British ultra-Liberals are inoculated with the enervating bacteria of sentimental peace is indicated by their comments on a speech which Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, has just made at a meeting of the National Union of Manufacturers in Great Britain. In this speech Lloyd George said that Germany cannot be taken back into ordinary economic relations with the rest of the world until she expresses penitence and makes restitution. He added, "The longer the war lasts, the sterner must be the economic terms we impose on the foe." The London "Chronicle," objecting to this phrase, says that America will not consent to wield an economic weapon "with a vindictive purpose for any definite period after the war." This is quite true, but it is not a vindictive purpose which actuates a householder to decline to do business with a grocer who persistently gives short weight or puts sand in his sugar or regards his agreements as scraps of paper.

The London "Daily News," in commenting on the Premier's speech, says that the spirit underlying and inspiring a protective tariff is incompatible with the spirit underlying a League of Nations. Let us see. We have Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy, and a number of our allies who are to-day living and working in an actual and practical League of Nations. That League believes in the freedom of the seas. It hates the idea of mines, submarines, torpedo-boat destroyers, and battleships. That League prefers that merchant ships shall go about their business of feeding and clothing humanity without any interference. But because Germany does interfere, the League of Nations protects its merchant vessels with mines and war-ships. It is apparently the idea of the London "Daily News" that if we believe in the principle of free trade we have got to deal with anybody who comes and asks for the privilege. Well, The Outlook believes in the principle of free trade, as an ultimate ideal, but it does not believe in buying from or selling to a burglar or a bandit. A man who buys from a burglar or a bandit is, to use the slang phrase, known as a "fence," and not as a philanthropist.

To assert that we shall have economic relations with Germany, even after the war, only with the most binding guarantees and checks and arrangements for protection, is merely to follow one of the soundest and most fundamental laws of social relations.

THE CONVERSION OF THE STAATS-ZEITUNG

During recent years the course of many newspapers published in the German language in this country has seemed more loyal to Germany than to America. That they are now adopting a different tone is shown by the paper which has long stood at their head—the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung."

In its editorial reviewing the events of the past four years it asks what Germany has achieved during this time. It finds that Germany has taken possession of nearly all of Belgium and a part of northern France; that she has taken rich booty and many prisoners; that she has enslaved the Poles, Russians, Rumanians, Serbians, Montenegrins; that she has helped Bulgaria and Turkey to increase their territory and encouraged the massacre of over a million Armenians; that she has sunk millions of tons of shipping and destroyed property worth billions, "showing no regard for the lives of non-combatants, and not even for those of women and children."

All these are "the achievements of Germany under the whip

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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THE RISING TIDE

From Simplicissimus (Munich)

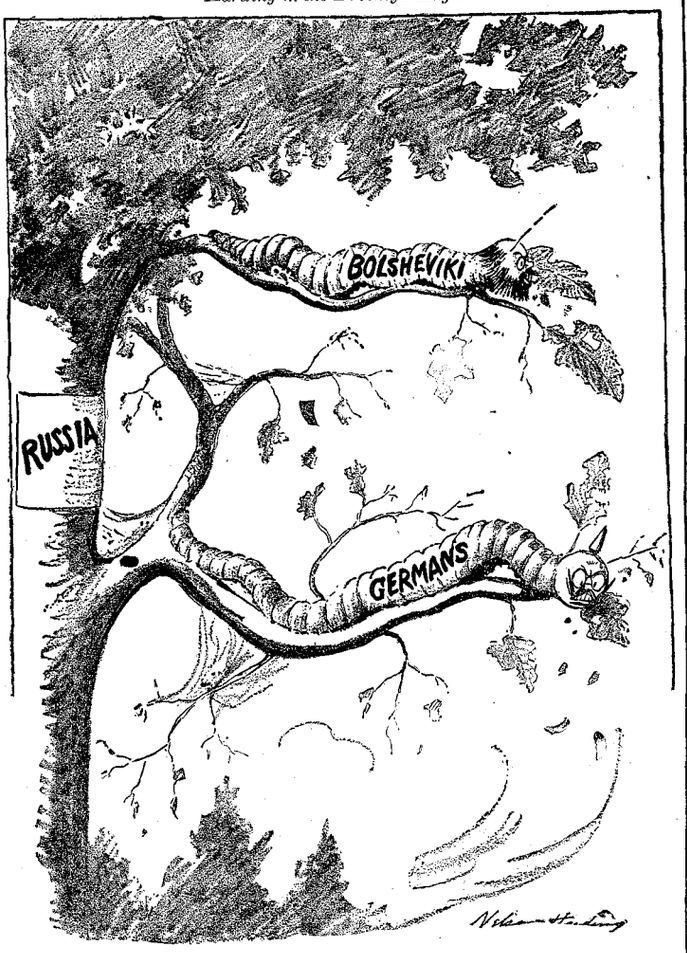
"FORCE WITHOUT MEASURE OR LIMIT"—(Wilson)

THE FLOOD ON THE WESTERN FRONT—TWO VIEWS

AN AMERICAN VIEW

A GERMAN VIEW

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



WOODROW, SAVE THAT TREE!

PROMPT SPRAYING NEEDED

Pett in London Opinion

Tommy (who has been wounded for the fourth time): "I know what it means, mate—them Huns don't want me at this war!"

Morrow in London Opinion

First Munition Worker: "I had a row with my boy last night."
"Why?"
"He said I had ears just like shells!"

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of the military party," affirms the "Staats-Zeitung." "But what do we find on the other side of the ledger?"

Germany has sacrificed the flower of her arms-bearing youth, continues the paper; she has placed a burden of debt upon her people under which they will have to groan for decades to come; she has brought her people to want and hunger; she has destroyed her foreign commerce and demoralized her domestic commerce; she has lost her colonies; the acts of her army commanders have brought her name into disrepute.

The editorial concludes as follows:

> Millions of the people of Germany are firmly convinced, even if they do not dare to speak of it openly, that the defeat of the present autocratic Government would be a blessing for them and their posterity. They have at last seen through the motives of their rulers, whose purposes are selfish and aim at the suppression of the ideas of liberty and the forcing of their hated Government upon the whole world.
>
> For a long time German-Americans were unable to see the peril, and rude was their awakening. Their sense of duty showed them the right course to pursue. They point with pride to their sons and grandsons fighting for them under the Star-Spangled Banner. And they will fight on until every danger is removed and the world relieved of a burden which lies upon it like an incubus, for it is only through the overthrow of the present German Government that the repetition of a similar world catastrophe can be prevented.

This sounds like a welcome reappearance of the spirit of '48 that sent Schurz and Sigel, Hecker and Brentano, to this country in their determination to live no longer under autocracy.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST FABRICATED SHIP AT HOG ISLAND

The first of a continuous series of "splashes" which will add one and a half million tons yearly to the world's supply of shipping ruffled the waters of the Delaware River at Hog Island Shipyard on August 5. The launching of the 7,500-ton cargo ship Quistconck marks another step in the rapid development of American ship-building and the formal opening of the largest plant in the world for the quantity production of fabricated steel ships.

The launching was witnessed by a vast throng, estimated to number from 50,000 to 75,000 people, who cheered loudly as the ship slowly glided down the ways and into the water at the appointed hour. As the correspondent of The Outlook who was present can testify, she offered an inspiring sight with flags flying and band playing, but of even greater interest to the spectators was the promise of a sister ship splashing into the Delaware on an average of every two days when the yard is in full operation.

President and Mrs. Wilson made a special trip from Washington to attend the launching, and Mrs. Wilson broke the customary bottle of champagne over the ship's bows as she started to move and christened her "Quistconck," which is the Indian name for Hog Island. The President appeared in high spirits and smiled and waved his hat to the spectators (the scene of the launching, with the President and Mrs. Wilson on the platform, is shown in the picture on another page), but made no attempt to deliver a speech, somewhat to the disappointment of the crowd. The President and his party remained only long enough to witness the launching, and immediately returned to Washington by special train. Chairman Hurley, of the United States Shipping Board, was to have delivered a short address, but owing to the intense heat all speeches were omitted. This detracted nothing from the businesslike impressiveness of the occasion.

In the President's party were Chairman and Mrs. Hurley, Charles M. Schwab, Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, and Rear-Admiral Cary T. Grayson, U. S. N. They were met on the launching platform by Frank A. Vanderlip, Chairman of the Board of the American International Corporation; Charles A. Stone, its President; Theodore N. Vail and Joseph P. Grace, Directors; Otto Kahn; and George J. Baldwin, Senior Vice-President, in charge of the American International's shipping enterprises.

A word of praise is due the armed force of constabulary which handled the huge crowd in admirable fashion. There was no confusion or overcrowding, and every one was kept good-natured in spite of the hot weather.

The American International Corporation has accomplished a wonderful feat in the construction and putting into full operation of this world's largest shipyard in less than a year's time. The first contract was signed by the Government on September 13, 1917, and by May 30, 1918, a total of 180 steel ships, or an average of one every other day for a year, had been authorized. The prompt and successful launching of the Quistconck will serve to answer many of the criticisms which have been directed against the operations at Hog Island during the past months.

A full report of the construction of this shipyard and the development of quantity production of fabricated ships was given in an article by Mr. Alexander H. Beard in last week's Outlook.

A WISE WARNING FROM A POLITICAL WAR HORSE

Senator Elon R. Brown, a Republican war horse who has been one of the leaders in the Legislature of the State of New York for many years, has recently announced his withdrawal from official life. He has popularly been regarded as a typical politician of the old school, whose power has been due to the weight of his machine rather than to the weight of his political philosophy. But he has taken the occasion of his retirement to contribute an article to the New York "Times" which will compel many citizens of New York to revise their estimate of him. We have not seen anywhere in current literature a clearer, sounder, or more persuasive exposition of principles of party government than is contained in Senator Brown's article. He states his text as follows:

> The want of party programmes is sapping the vitality of party government at Albany. In my opinion, this impedes constructive work, invites special groups to seek and furnish an opportunity to secure selfish legislation, promotes intrigue, and lessens the efficiency of the financial administration of the State.

Senator Brown is right, we believe, in asserting that legislation is now carried on in the State of New York on the individualistic or factional plan. This chaotic individualism is the fruit of the abolition of the convention system and the substitution of the direct primary. For this abolition and substitution, however, no set of men are more responsible than the political class of which Senator Brown has been a pre-eminent leader. The machine or the organization so manipulated the small caucuses, the assembly district conventions, and the State conventions that the ordinary voter, in despair of getting any kind of a fair show, wiped the whole system off the slate. If the Republican or Democratic machine leaders in the State of New York had seen to it that the caucuses and conventions really represented the sentiment of the voters instead of the will of a small group of managers, Senator Brown would not have had to write his article. Moreover, we wonder if Senator Brown recalls the fact that when Governor Hughes championed the direct primary movement he asked that a convention representing the party leadership of the State should take the initiative under the direct primary. The politicians of the type to which Senator Brown is popularly supposed to belong fought this proposal of Governor Hughes and really established the individualistic direct primary which we now have.

Senator Brown in a very convincing fashion points out that there are four great issues before the people of New York State which must be dealt with this autumn at the ballot-box. We give these issues in the order in which he names them: The re-establishment of the State convention; municipal ownership of public utilities; State and Federal prohibition; the establishment of our State public school system on an efficient basis; and the creation of a sound budget system for the management of the finances of the State. Mr. Brown is in favor of the re-establishment of the State convention, and approves the plan framed by the State Department of Education to promote the efficiency of our public school system. He is opposed to prohibition and municipal ownership. But he rightly says that these great issues cannot be properly decided unless the two great parties of the State express their views regarding them and adopt a definite course of legislative action in connection with them.

The American system is a system of two-party government,

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and, while the independence of the voter should be preserved and every citizen should feel free to vote for those candidates to which his judgment and his conscience incline him, it will be a disaster if we abandon the party government principle for that of the faction, the group, or the individualistic leader.

We wish very much that Senator Brown would now give the citizens of New York another statement, in which, out of his long and varied experience, he will tell us how we can re-establish the convention system with all its advantages and without its dangers and corruptions.

THE WORLD'S GRAIN CROPS

The grain harvest has begun. The principal grain countries in America, Asia, and Africa are: for America, the United States and Canada; for Asia, British India; and for Africa, Tunis. The forecast for the crops of these countries is just at hand from the National Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

For the United States the forecasts of winter and spring wheat are for a crop of 115 per cent of a five-year average; for Canada the forecasts are about the same; for British India the forecasts indicate a very slightly larger crop than the average; but for Tunis they indicate a crop of 168 per cent. This will be specially cheering news to France, under whose benign protectorate Tunis has strikingly advanced in economic power during recent years.

For rye the forecasts give the United States a crop of no less than 185 per cent of the average, and to Canada 171 per cent. This is also cheering news when we consider how necessary it is to supplement wheat by rye, and how often the consumption of rye instead of wheat proves valuable to health.

For barley the total crop of the United States, Canada, and Tunis is given as 122 per cent of the average.

The forecast for oats is not so satisfactory. Of the three countries which have published figures, Canada is the only one that expects a better yield in 1918 than in 1917.

In those countries which have not furnished forecasts or which are not in the habit of doing so, the report indicates that in the United Kingdom, France, Holland, Scandinavia, and Egypt the crops are in good order, but that in Italy and Switzerland they are below the average. It is presumable that the crops are in specially good order in the United Kingdom, we would add, since the enactment of regulations by the Board of Agriculture providing severe penalties for damaging them. Any one convicted for this offense faces a maximum penalty of $500 or six months' imprisonment at hard labor. If the damage is done by a crowd, as sometimes happens when airplanes make a landing on cultivated land, any member of the crowd is deemed to have been instrumental in causing the damage, unless he can prove to the contrary.

As to present conditions in our own grain crop of 1918, since the date of the above-mentioned report the winter wheat crop has been harvested and the weather is generally favorable to the spring wheat crop and to the other grains.

Concerning our wheat crop of 1919, the Department of Agriculture has asked farmers to increase their winter acreage by seven per cent over last year's planting. A harvest of 636,000,000 bushels of winter wheat may be thus expected, the Department states. Moreover, the plan fixes definite acreages by States, and in a campaign about to be launched by the Department growers will be asked to make good the State quotas. The recommendation is timely.

BULGARIA, CRIMINAL NATION

BULGARIA has sometimes been represented as the unfortunate victim as well as vassal of Germany. She is, rather, Germany's disciple.

Not even Germany herself went into this war in a spirit more calculating. Believing crime to be profitable, Bulgaria deliberately joined the criminal gang.

There was a time when Americans who followed the course of the Balkan Wars to their outcome felt no little sympathy with Bulgarian claims; and traditionally there has been a basis for American sympathy with the Bulgarians in the service which American teachers and missionaries have rendered by educating Bulgarians in their own country and in Turkey. There is not, and there never has been, any danger that whatever there might be said on behalf of Bulgaria would fail to reach American ears, for Bulgaria has not only had her own spokesmen in this country, but has had advocates in the American missionaries and teachers who have served her. We have heard all that can be said for Bulgaria, and, when all has been said, the truth stands out clear that there is no nation, not even Prussia, that is more predatory, conscienceless, cowardly, mercenary, and merciless than Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is a tool of Germany, but a willing tool. Bulgaria is owned by Germany, body and soul; but she deliberately sold her body and soul for a price, and received a promise to pay. Nothing in history surpasses Bulgaria's bargainings for sordidness. Considerations of honor had as little weight with her on entering the war or in waging it as they had with Germany.

In the effort to save Serbia and Greece, particularly Serbia, and to thwart Germany's plan for establishing on the ruins of her neighbors a Pan-Germany, diplomats of the Entente Powers offered to Bulgaria territory which Serbia was williing to sacrifice, but Bulgaria declined the bribe because she believed she could get a bigger bribe from the other side.

Let a Bulgarian himself bring the accusation. Leon Savadjan, Director of the Balkan News Agency, as reported by the New York "Tribune's" Foreign Press Bureau, has accused his own country. We quote some of his words:

> Bulgaria entered the war with grim premeditation. Her entrance into the war had been foreseen in the plans of the Imperial General Staff before the outbreak of the European war. In the spring of 1914 a treaty on this subject had been signed in Schönbrunn by the sovereigns of Bulgaria and Austria. Bulgaria formally pledged herself to take the side of the Central Powers, and, as the Vice-President of the Bulgarian Sobranje, M. Montchiloff, confessed, even the complete disappearance of Serbia would not have hindered the Bulgarian-German alliance, would not have prevented Bulgaria from sending armed assistance to the German race.

Quoting from an article in the official organ "Kambana" for May 3, 1915, congratulating the Turks for their victories and ascribing them largely to Bulgaria, this Bulgarian accuser of Bulgaria declares that six months before her entrance into the war Bulgaria had been helping Turkey. He declares that there is proof that from the beginning Bulgaria had set out, not merely to get Macedonia for herself, but, with the crushing of Serbia, to establish a Great Bulgaria that "would extend from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, from the Danube to the Ægean Sea."

No proof, however, need be sought in documents or diplomatic records. The proof can be seen in what is happening, what has happened already, to Serbia.

We want every reader of The Outlook to read the article on "The Theft of a Nation," which will be found in this issue. What American can read this and not feel chagrin and shame that his country remains on friendly terms with the nation guilty of those outrageous, irreparable, unforgivable crimes?

Against the nation that has done such deeds America ought to declare and wage implacable war!

THE NEW DRAFT AGE

We have, exclusive of the Navy, some three million men under arms, about half in Europe, the rest in training camps here. About half a million of these men in service are represented by the regulars and volunteers in the Army, and by members of the National Guard regiments which were taken over by the Federal Government. About nine hundred thousand were inducted into service before the end of 1917 out of the selective draft, and one million six hundred thousand have since been taken through the selective draft. At present we have no more men of fighting age to draw from out of the nearly ten million who were registered on June 5, 1917, unless we go into the various classes which have been so far exempted. But we need many more than the three million now under arms. How shall we get them?

Early in June Provost-Marshal General Crowder informed

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the Senate Military Affairs Committee that the extension of the age limit was necessary in order to make Class 1 of the selective draft sufficiently large to draw upon for the additional men needed. The Secretary of War, however, at that time thought there should be no change in the age limit, because he desired a completer investigation of the classes at present exempt, and of the means for transportation of additional soldiers across the Atlantic. He intimated that no harm could be done by postponement of enlarging the age limit until September. Now the Secretary of War asks Congress to do what two months ago he urged it not to do. The Administration, therefore, is now on record as advising the extension of the age limit of the draft, and Congress is considering a bill to that effect. This bill was introduced in both houses on August 5, and calls for the registration for the selective draft of all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five inclusive. It is estimated that if this bill is passed it will give us, after the sifting and exempting process is finished, some two million five hundred thousand fighting men in addition to those now under arms. The experience of Great Britain and France has proved that men of normal physique up to the age of forty-five are perfectly capable of bearing arms—indeed, Great Britain has summoned by selective draft all men up to fifty-one years of age.

There are those who oppose the suggested changes in the age limit. They say that nothing in the present law prevents a boy of eighteen from voluntarily joining the Army or Navy if he wants to do so. True enough. But here arises again to confront us that old vicious voluntary system by which a patriotic boy who desires to serve his country goes to the front while the slackers escape. What we need is universal obligatory training and service which will apply equally to all eligible men, and that is what the bill now before Congress, which is indorsed and introduced by the Administration, practically means. It is believed, therefore, that the President intends to throw the weight of his influence towards the adoption by the country of a permanent universal obligatory training and service system.

One would think that this lesson of preparedness might long since have been learned. We are glad now to see evidences that the pacifists are learning it. As far as possible, the boys chosen under the new draft law, if it is passed, between eighteen and twenty-one, should be given a long period of training, but it must be remembered that there are large bodies of men between eighteen and twenty-one who have volunteered already and are serving effectively both in the Army and Navy.

It is also objected that the Administration's proposal to add, by increasing the age limit, two and a half million men to our effective fighting forces would give us a surplus of soldiers. We doubt if this is true, for they will all be needed. But if it were true we should welcome that so-called surplus, for after establishing the Allies' preponderance of weight in Belgium, France, and Italy, we shall have to meet the Germans no matter where they may be found, in Siberia, in northern Russia, in the Balkans, in Persia or in Palestine. And by this we mean Germans under any camouflage, whether Austrian, Bulgarian, or Turkish.

TAXES OR BONDS

With the possible exception of theology, no subject of human thought stirs up more controversial fury than the subject of financial economics. The following letter affords a good illustration of what we mean:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook (July 24, 1918), discussing the supposed alternative methods of conducting the war, gives its judgment and casts the weight of its influence for bonds.

Like many superficial thinkers and others whose judgment is unconsciously befogged by self-interest, The Outlook assumes that we have a choice of methods by which to "pay" for the war; that we can, at our option, "pay the cost of the war" wholly, partly, or not at all.

Leaving ethics out of consideration—which, by the way, should be controlling with The Outlook—neither individuals nor nations can make (or "pay" for) things, Micawber like, with I. O. U.'s.

In any and every physical human accomplishment or production there are involved but three factors or elements: raw material (nature's free gift), human time, human energy. Whether we like it or not, and even though we would willingly sacrifice our honesty to our ease in permitting our children or our children's children to "pay" for our fun or our foolishness—lacking the aid of magic—*we must pay as we go.*

No "scrap of paper," howsoever artistically designed or skillfully engraved, nor dishonest human convention can evade this natural law; not even the witchcraft of "finance" nor "money" magic.

When anything, be it food, or clothing, or housing, or machinery, or war munitions, is produced, each represents a definite amount of past human time and past human energy—gone beyond recall. No future work or future time can be brought back into the present—by *any* hocus-pocus—to be usable for present purposes, our "finance" magic and our great "credit" myth to the contrary notwithstanding.

If workers worked in *future* materials, or if soldiers shot each other with *future* bullets, or if both toilers and fighters fed on *future* food, only visionary products and dream carnage could result.

Hence we *must* pay as we go. WILLIAM H. SMYTH.

Fernwald, Berkeley, California, July 25, 1918.

We agree that the war is fought with present bullets and that our soldiers are fed with present food, but we took pains to say this in the editorial to which our correspondent takes exception. "What America really needs," we said, "in this war is not money, but commodities." We still, however, do not think that the logical conclusion is that we must pay for everything as we go.

Let us suppose that Mr. Smyth has a big orange orchard in California and produces twenty thousand dollars' worth of oranges every year. Let us suppose that he desires to build a modern concrete packing-house from which to ship his oranges, to cost twenty thousand dollars. His neighbor, a contractor, possesses the steel, the concrete, the lumber, and the tools with which to build this packing-house. Mr. Smyth can give him the entire twenty thousand dollars' worth of one year's orange crop in exchange for the packing-house, or he can say to him, "I will give you a thousand dollars' worth of oranges this year, a thousand dollars' worth of oranges next year, and so on for twenty years, with a certain additional amount of oranges for the accommodation of letting me postpone my payment." This additional amount of oranges we call interest, and the promise to pay a thousand a year we call bond and mortgage. By this method Mr. Smyth gets his building and pays for it, not with past oranges or with present oranges, but with future oranges. Of course this method cannot be followed unless Mr. Smyth's neighbor, the contractor, has accumulated steel and concrete and lumber out of his past production.

This simple principle of trade or barter or finance is actually going on in the present war. England and France need cotton and wheat. We have got the cotton and wheat. We give it to them on their promise to pay us during future years commodities which they and we believe they can produce in future years. Rubber is an important essential in war. South America produces and has the rubber. We can get this rubber from South Americans by giving them steel to-day. But if we give them steel to-day we cannot turn that steel into guns and bullets. So we say to South America, "Let us have your rubber and we will promise to pay you the steel of 1940 instead of the steel of to-day." If they trust our capacity to do this, we can furnish our soldiers with both steel and rubber. On the pay-as-we-go principle, however, we can furnish them only with the rubber, for the steel would have gone to South America.

The question which Mr. Smyth ignores by his effective but specious argument is, What proportion of the commodities which we need can we get from others by promising to return them out of our own production in the future? If the world had on hand no accumulated supplies of commodities, and could boil a potato only when it dug that potato out of the ground, Mr. Smyth's argument would be correct. But, fortunately, there is a great accumulated stock in the world. A bond is simply a promise to pay back into that accumulated stock in the future what is taken out of it for to-day's needs.

If the Government needs twenty thousand dollars' worth of oranges for convalescing soldiers, it may take them outright from

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Mr. Smyth, on the ground that he must contribute them as his share of the common defense of the country. That is taxation. Or it may take them, promising to give them or their equivalent back to Mr. Smyth on some fixed future date. That is obtaining commodities by the sale of bonds. Or it may take five thousand dollars' worth of the oranges outright and fifteen thousand dollars' worth promising to pay them back. That is twenty-five per cent taxation and seventy-five per cent bond sales.

No man in his senses of course proposes to fight with pieces of paper having the word bullet printed on them, or to dress American soldiers with engraved certificates bearing the legend, "This is a uniform." But it is neither foolish nor unethical for the American people to determine that they will ask future workers, or even future generations, to put back into the common stock of accumulated commodities at least some of the steel and cotton and leather and wheat that are taken out of the common stock to-day for prosecuting the war. This is what the sale of bonds means.

THE CONVERSION OF THE SOAP-BOX

"VAT you tink? My poy's in de draft and Levinsky's poy he isn't. Iss dat fair? Answer me dat, Meester."

This from a Hebrew on the lower East Side of New York City. He had been heckling a street speaker. The speaker belonged to the Flying Squadron of the National Security League. He had been sent to the district in the attempt to counteract German propaganda.

"Yess," chimed in another, "your poy goes to be killed in de rich man's war. De rich men, dey makes more money as pefore de war. Look at Rockefeller."

Then it was fun to watch the way the speaker "got away" with him, admitting that it was a rich man's war in the sense that the rich man's money was being taken away from him to pay for it, and that the rich man's life is being taken away from him to win it on the battlefields; in this sense the war is as much the rich man's war as it is the poor man's war. The Flying Squadron orator also admitted that before the war the rich man made profits on loans to the Allies and the purchases for the Allies, but showed that now our Government makes these loans and purchases; moreover, that it fixes the prices of munitions and heavily taxes the munition-makers; that it has also fixed the price of necessities, reducing them so that profiteering is illegal. As to Mr. Rockefeller, the speaker informed the audience that before the war the Government took only a small percentage of his income; now it takes more than half.

"And, my friends," continued the orator, "the question before the American people just now is the problem of how to keep the Germans out of this country."

Suddenly turning to a man, the speaker asked, "Are you of draft age?"

The man was above draft age. "Well, then," said the speaker, "if you do not get busy right away and think out some valuable ideas of how to suppress the Beast of Berlin, the first thing you know the Kaiser will be breaking his way into this country, he and his hordes, and then there will be no United States, no United States Constitution, no United States Government."

It is the questions from the audience as well as the answers of the orators which give spice to any "soap-box" meeting on the public streets.

For instance, a pro-German at the Flying Squadron meeting interrupted to remark that the German Government is as good as ours. Immediately the orator asked of the man who interrupted: "What kind of a man are you? Do you prefer Kaisers or the people to make your Government? The German Empire was founded by princes. The American Republic was founded by representative men chosen in each State by the people."

Another remonstrance was: "We would think from your talk that they didn't have a Parliament in Germany."

The orator replied: "Germany has a Parliament, and it has two houses, like ours; but the consent of the German lower house is not required for war, the consent of our lower house is required. Moreover, while no section of our country has a larger representation than any other section, the German lower house is irregularly elected. Why, each member from East Prussia, the home of the war lords, represents only 24,000 men, but a Berlin member, representing Socialists largely, represents 125,000 voters. Thus the Junkers and militarists have five times as much influence, and it is they who willed the war."

Another comment from the audience was: "Autocracy gets things done. Democracy is too slow about it."

To this the speaker was quick to reply: "That is true. But wouldn't you rather be under the rule of a democracy which you yourself had helped to make than be under the rule of a German autocracy which you had not helped to make and which you could not unmake? Because the King of Prussia is the King of Prussia he is the German Emperor. No other King or Prince in Germany can be Kaiser, even though the people want him."

Who are these Flying Squadron orators? They may be prominent publicists or experienced campaign speakers. They may be men and women of high social standing or men and women of no social standing. They may be men and women who have just returned from France with their graphic reports. They may be plain stay-at-home men and women, but with just as much of a message as any one—the woman generally has more of a message! Among these speakers you will find lawyers and merchants and playwrights, day laborers and taxicab drivers, working girls and business women.

On certain street corners, as, for instance, the famous corners at Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street, and at Avenue A and Tenth Street, Tompkins Square, or down on East Broadway, or on lower Second Avenue, or up in Ninety-sixth Street, there is a Flying Squadron meeting every evening.

Speakers at street meetings have long been accustomed to stand on boxes, often soap-boxes. Hence the name by which they have become known, "soap-box orators."

The soap-box is now being used for more patriotic purposes than the long associations with it have indicated—nearly every kind of wild-eyed and harum-scarum social, political, economic, and religious heresy has been preached from it. The soap-box has been converted into a street pulpit from which to preach the winning of the war. The Flying Squadron speakers use a folding stand which elevates them about two feet above their audiences and has a waist-high rail from which there is uplifted a standard carrying the American flag.

If this apparatus supplants the plebeian soap-box pure and simple, it also supplants the more aristocratic automobile, which latterly has come into great use in political and other campaigns as affording a vantage-ground for street orators. The advantage of the present arrangement over the automobile is twofold: first, it is more democratic, and, second, it does not cost so much. When the meeting is over, the stand is folded up and deposited in some friendly store or church close by.

The Flying Squadron of the National Security League is more than four months old. Organized and directed by Mr. Charles Alfred Bill, a member of the Executive Committee of the Security League, it has held many night open-air meetings, and it has also held evening indoor meetings in various halls, and day meetings in department stores—on the stores' time, too.

It has some five hundred speakers on its list. It needs a thousand. (Recruits may apply to Mr. Bill, 19 West Forty-fourth Street.) For it is a success, and an ever-increasing success. It was "tried out" in the metropolis as an experiment. The result justifies its extension to other cities, and this is what the National Security League proposes.

The speakers are fanning and fusing old popular loves and hatreds into Americanism. The speakers lead the people largely by the use of old slogans and catchwords familiar to all. There is thus established a new stage of progress.

German propaganda has honeycombed the East Side of New York City, and when the Flying Squadron orators began to speak there they were heckled. Later the audiences were silent and sullen. Later still they were indifferent. Now the speakers meet with a respectful hearing, and even with applause. Indeed,

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at present the enthusiasm is growing so much that one of the Flying Squadron orators has just queried, jestingly: "I wonder whether we have not reached the stage where we ought to get up a society for the restraint of patriotism!"

The other night a speaker holding forth on Broadway was pointing out the damage done by pro-German propaganda in various countries, and was telling about some of its slimy, tortuous twistings in this country and showing its maleficent results on the morale of our people. Suddenly from out the crowd a voice challenged: "Enough o' that hot air! You just let up on that stuff!" The orator turned in the direction of the speaker, and the crowd turned its attention towards him too. The orator thought that he had smoked out a pro-German whose truculence had outstripped his discretion.

"Yes," continued the interrupter, aggressively, "enough o' that hot air! We know about those things. You just show us how to *get hold of* some of those yaller dogs and put them up against the wall and shoot them. We have had enough o' war talk. We want *action*."

The crowd came back at him with a round of thunderous applause. "Good! Good! That's the stuff! Good for you, old boy!" was flung at him from all sides.

The Flying Squadron orators find their job easier since their work as campaigners in the Liberty Loan and Thrift Stamp campaigns. They had induced many an auditor to do something for America, if nothing more than a pledge to buy a twenty-five-cent stamp. Benjamin Franklin once said: "If you want to make a man your friend, get him to do something for you." So a lot of East Siders, formerly foes, or at least lukewarm adherents, have become friends of the Government.

More than this. The knowledge of the American casualties, coming closer and closer to them, is also grimly preparing their wills to win.

Hence the propaganda of truth against the propaganda of lies is receiving outside aid. The clean-cut, practical talks given every night by the Flying Squadron orators, to audiences of which a considerable part had already been exploited for treasonable ends, are reaping a harvest, especially among the immature and imaginative youths once swayed by pro-German propaganda. Enemy propaganda is now meeting an even stronger tide of National propaganda.

Yet the necessity for American propaganda still remains. Our mixed population must be told again and again until *convinced to the core* that our cause is just and must be won. Sedition and pacifism are still preached daily in insidious forms, and class and racial prejudices invoked to destroy our National unity.

To prepare orators for the task of meeting street audiences is no easy job. The fact that a man wants to speak may be an impelling cause for his speaking, but it carries with it no assurance that he will speak well. Hence every Monday evening, at the Bar Association, 42 West Forty-fourth Street, there has been held a training meeting addressed by prominent educators and public men who understand the problem of Americanization. These meetings have been adjourned during August, but will be resumed in September.

Questions are put to candidates for speaking in order to ascertain their knowledge and ability, and also to test their loyalty. Among the questions are the following:

Why have we draft laws which are said to be against the spirit of democracy?

Is the obligation of the naturalized citizen the same as that of the native-born?

Do you favor universal training?

Has the workingman the same interest at stake in this war as the capitalist?

Is there any truth that the war was precipitated on the United States by the intrigue of capitalists, "Wall Street," and munitions makers?

Give a convincing financial argument confuting this statement.

What answer would you make to the Irishman who says that we should not fight with or for England because England denies Ireland the right of self-determination?

Is the Socialist cause involved in the issues of the war? and should the Socialist back the war?

Was Germany forced into the war?

Is there any evidence that England was prepared for war or expected it?

Was there any justification for the sinking of the Lusitania?

Was it possible for the United States to keep out of the war and maintain its honor?

Is peace possible without victory?

Then as to the manner of speaking. The candidates for speaking are told, first of all, that they must face with the wind, that this will help the voice to carry and that the speaker will last longer. They are told that the conversational tone is more persuasive than shouted harangue. They are told to use plain, simple language and to avoid a superior or patronizing tone. They are told never to lose their temper. They are told to assume that their audiences are patriotic. They are told that when addressing audiences of foreign extraction they are, in the Jewish section, to dwell on the patriotism of the Jews; in the Italian section, to dwell on the way in which the Italians met the recent Austrian attacks. Furthermore, the Flying Squadron has detailed experienced speakers from its Committee to make it their business to attend various street meetings and report upon the ability of the various speakers; from these reports come suggestions as to improvement and greater effectiveness.

So equipped, the Flying Squadron goes forth to meet the victories which Germany has won, not only with her soldiers, but by her propaganda—a propaganda which has influenced unthinking men and women to think the way Germans wish them to think. Of course, to combat this, newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets are printed; but it is quite another thing to send out speakers, especially if those speakers be of the race of the people whom they wish to influence. We have but to look at Ireland and Russia to see the need for this counter-propaganda.

Hence it is natural that among the effective speakers are those who have been abroad; for instance, a Jew who has just come from Russia quickly absorbs the attention of his hearers when he gives an intimate account of the spirit of the Russian Revolution and draws a picture of the Bolsheviki, recognizing whatever good there is among them as well as the evil they have done. A still more persuasive speaker is one of Russian birth when he addresses the men who are partisans of revolutionary ideas, but who may not yet see that the Russian course pursued at Brest-Litovsk, instead of winning the war for the freedom of Russia, lost it.

So men and women are being converted. It was only a comparatively few weeks ago that some New York City Socialists started a riot by opposing the sale of Thrift Stamps. The other day a Socialist met one of the Flying Squadron speakers and said: "You remember what Mr. —— said about the Government? Well, he's changed. He's ag'in' the Government no longer. He's for it."

One reason why he is "for it" is because the Flying Squadron orators have not preached Americanism in a learned way to an audience which has only a vague idea of what the Federal Constitution is. In their talks to recent immigrants, for instance, they know perfectly well that they cannot excite emotion by any references to Patrick Henry or John Jay. But they do know that the East Siders, especially the Hebrews, are natural pacifists. Put yourself in the place of an East Side Jew. To him the Russian *pogrom*, with its slaughter and massacre, represents the negation of peace and freedom, and yet the poor man still believes that some kind of Bolshevism might bring about peace and justice. The Flying Squadron orator therefore starts out by being sympathetic in order to win the confidence and establish a common denominator. From this common denominator it is but a step to realize that America is Russia's friend and the friend of her freedom, and that to make the hope expressed in President Wilson's message to Russia come true all Americans should join in America's war, because America has shown idealism in giving her men and her resources to secure to other peoples the freedom she herself has. Hence autocratic, despotic, brutal Germany must be beaten, must surrender unconditionally. To beat Germany we must have National unity.

The Flying Squadron orators cannot fight with the colors. But they are serving here. They are filled with the same spirit as the soldiers who fight with the colors—in fact, twenty-five of them have gone into the uniformed service of the country.

Germany fights with propaganda as well as with armies. Let America do the same. Many a man can serve his country with the Flying Squadron if he can do no more.

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THE LIPS OF THE INFERNO

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE FRONT

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

POOR, dear France! One's heart knows the whole gamut of emotions in passing through this land. In the south almost everything is as it was, particularly throughout the rural regions. The red-roofed houses snuggle in among the trees with an air of age-long security. Old men, boys, women, and girls are working in the fields, tossing and loading hay. Children play in the village streets just as children have since the days of the Romans. The cities and larger towns are thronged, but the crowds are blithe; even the refugees from the north have recovered their temperament. Paris is stern, calm, resolute, and confident. Château Thierry is not far away, but the distance between the two is manned and munitioned by the bravest and the best of all the earth. To break through, the Kaiser must carpet every square foot of ground with the gray forms of German dead. True, there are fewer people in Paris than in former times, and the dark streets at night give a somber hue to one's thoughts. If the devilish aerial bombardments are meant to break the confidence and shatter the nerves of the civil population or the military authorities, they are bad psychology on a colossal scale. They may chip a stone here or there, but they do not shake the soul. Northern and eastern France are different—so different as to be indescribable. Life shadows down from a precarious and tentative rustic habit, idyllic and romantic, to the desperate routine of the front-line trenches. In between there's everything: the apparent confusion of the big bases, the maelstrom of transport on the roads, the fevered movements in the reserve areas, and then the grim front—a belt of perhaps twenty miles in depth just this side of the German lines.

To make one's way through these respective zones is a task requiring more patience and skill than African exploration. No one can move from place to place without passport, identification card, a military order of travel, a mandate setting forth the nature of one's mission; and then only by permission of the local provost marshal can one enter or leave any given town or area. Our American military police are ubiquitous and preternaturally alert. They form a fine body of men and seem to know their many dissimilar duties as though they had been born and bred for no other purpose. They do a score of things for which military commanders had to detail men in the old days, and they do these things infinitely better than the details did them. And the military units are not nibbled away and disorganized in the process. You can overlook generals and ignore colonels with impunity; the M. P., who is everything from a traffic manager to a fragment of combined omnipotence and omniscience, is something to reckon with everywhere in France.

Another curious thing is that if you try very hard to find any given person or reach any particular place you will certainly be frustrated. Every one you know and wish to see is always *en route* somewhere else, and, although places are stationary, they prove to be inaccessible for military reasons or transportation is not obtainable. One does not sit down and grieve, however; there is nothing to do but to keep going; then one stumbles upon all kinds of people and into all kinds of places which prove to be much more interesting and important than the objects of the original quest. It was a sunny afternoon that I found myself, unexpectedly, passing through Domremy. There before my eyes was the home of Jeanne d'Arc and the ancient squat church in which she worshiped. In times of peace I would have traveled and traveled for weeks to reach it; now I rattled into it in a wheezy, disheveled, and disreputable Ford—*sans* floor boards, *sans* a front fender, *sans* klaxon, *sans* wind-shield, *sans* almost everything except its sturdy, noisy lungs. Yet Domremy must wait, because it formed a permanent impression about which I can write later; besides, there were no troops there, and it is of our fighting men I must speak—their condition, their temper, their prospects.

Here is a sleepy old town which will not wake. Planes whir overhead; military transports thunder along its cobbled streets; khaki men from all parts of the States crowd its paths and slop over into every store, café, and public place; *poilus* make splashes of blue as they mingle freely and good-naturedly with our troops; despatch riders, dust laden and begoggled, streak their peremptory way through the place; one command is moving out, another is moving in—personages no less than a colonel and a major, minus bread cards, are hunting for two loaves of bread apiece, which they get finally at a Y. M. C. A. canteen and carry away, the colonel with his wrapped in a newspaper, and the major lugging his unblushingly under his arm; "*abri*" is marked conspicuously on various buildings, for planes come over, dropping the essence of hell upon the town, and people must have shelter. Still, the place is sleepy and unperturbed; at evening the inhabitants stroll out to the fringe of parkway beyond the portcullised gates and over the moat; the Cathedral rears itself—a mountain of chiseled stone and storied glass—above the close-clustered roofs; bottles of Moselle are for sale in almost every window, even in the millinery and lingerie stores; the *fille de chambre* neglects one's room just as consistently as her kind always did in the days of peace. And the front, the real front, where things are blown to bits and men die every day, is only thirty minutes away. Of course it has been that way for four years, and the people have accepted the fact as though it could not be otherwise. And that front will never come nearer; some time it will recede. When? A shrug, but some day, yes.

To that front I was bound, all panoplied for eventualities—a steel helmet for head covering and a gas mask carried at alert. Just beyond the sleepy town there is a base hospital, its serried array of roofs marked with a huge Red Cross which any Boche airman can see five miles aloft, and upon which he will drop an incendiary bomb, if he can, just to prove the efficiency and superiority of his *Kultur*. Nevertheless the Red Cross is there, because the rules of war prescribe it, and perhaps some day a Boche may fly over who has some fortuitous decency in his heart and in a spasm of mercy he may spare the hundreds of wounded men and the dedicated nurses. In one of the officers' wards I found the Rev. John B. Voorhees, at home the pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford, Connecticut, but here a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who had his leg shattered by a shell just a few kilometers farther north, while he was working with the troops during a bombardment. Only the most skillful surgery saved his leg, which was held in a perpendicular position by a mechanical arrangement; only a generous transfusion of blood from an Irish soldier saved his life while on the operating-table. Dr. Voorhees seemed little concerned about himself or his future; indeed, his chief concern was for dear old "Joe" Twichell, his noble predecessor in the Hartford church, who was reported by recent letters to have been seriously ill. Y. M. C. A. work is not a safe job for men who come to France. The roll of honor is lengthening—death, wounds, gas-poisoning, shell shock. Indeed, as a matter of proportion, I think the Y. M. C. A. casualties will show nearly as high a percentage as the Army. The secretary in the front line, or within fifteen miles of the front line, knows all the hazards of war.

Leaving the hospital and turning again north, I found an improvised cemetery, and one grave arrested me. It was smothered in flowers. A biplane droned overhead. Instinct almost immediately identified it. There lay all that earth could claim of Raoul Lufbery, the prince of fliers. What could one do other than turn aside and stand a while in awe and reverence beside the grave? Was it possible that the man who had fought a hundred battles above the clouds could be lying there? Presently approaching feet disturbed me, and, turning, I saw a chaplain leading a burial party. Another aviator. Yes, an Italian this time. "I am the Resurrection and the Life!" How familiar the words, how solemn, how pregnant, how glorious, out here in the lonely cemetery by the roadside! A big blotch of gorgeous poppies held my eye, just beyond Lufbery's grave. The biplane still droned overhead. A dog howled from a near-by field just as the Italian aviator was lowered to his resting-place. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." I thought there was a very distinct note of confidence and triumph in the chaplain's voice; in spite of the

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lonely roadside and the howling dog, the scene fell upon my spirit as something glorious—not a tragedy, but a victory worked out with splendid emphasis.

The front! No one at home can have the least conception of what it is like; no words can interpret it. Pompeii is a ruin, but it is of the past and its tragedy is remote. Here is a tragedy in the process of being, a thing that still quivers and shudders and writhes. It begins far back—ten miles at least; barbed wire, deserted houses, untilled land, and vast stretches of awesome silence. Women and children, indeed all civilians, drop out of the picture. For miles the roads are jammed with military transports, but they thin out gradually as one comes nearer to the front. Then the results of shell fire become more and more apparent; great gaps appear in the houses, the guns sound close and belch rather than roar. One must abandon one's car, for roads are under fire. A notice and a sentry both command you to carry the gas mask at alert and to wear the steel helmet. Shell holes multiply. The guns—ours of course—crash now, but where they are you do not know. In the village just reached not a house is habitable, and the Y. M. C. A. tent was torn almost to shreds last week; it has since been patched with burlap and the work still goes on. We must leave the road now and go across the fields, avoiding the shell holes and taking cover wherever possible. Reserve trenches run at right angles; barbed wire entanglements are stretched liberally through the unmown grass. Ahead is the village of B——; no, only its whitened skeleton. Gaunt and grim and ghostly the broken walls stand out in the sunlight. Some of the ruin dates from 1914; but most of it is recent, not a little of last week, and even to-day.

I am at the front! For the past four years I have read about it and dreamed about it; but it is different—so silent, so ghastly, so implacable! The humor of Bairnsfather and the spirituality of Hankey must be largely subjective; what I see is material brutality. We go through the trenches, miles of them, and it is all silence. No one is in the reserve trenches, they are just grim gashes cut into the earth; here and there we find hand grenades ready for use; we descend deep into the earth, into darkness and stench, down twenty steps to a dugout which may prove to be a grave if a shell strikes near the entrance and chokes it. We wander or scramble or wallow until we come out into what was once the village of D—— but now is only a heap of dust, without one single wall intact. Even the graves in the churchyard have been ripped open by the pitiless shells, as if the Boche had tried to smash the last tender sentiment of his helpless foes as he has smashed everything else dear to man and God. What can reverence mean to a race that has laved itself in hell for years?

In the center of what once had been the village we found the Y. M. C. A. secretary, surrounded by a dozen or more of an American outpost off duty. His name was Wharton and he hailed from Philadelphia. Imperturbable and almost immaculate, he stood in the lee of a shattered wall and sold his simple wares to the boys, lent them books, brewed tea and coffee for them at all hours of the day or night as they went back and forth to the trenches. When a shell whizzed overhead, he never looked up; for weeks he had flirted and toyed with death under a hundred bombardments; once he had had to dig himself out of his subterranean shelter when a huge shell exploded close by the door and filled the steep stairway with rock and muck. He smiled as he spoke, but it was a sad smile, rather wan and thin, for he had lived what must have been a lifetime in close communion with death. He knew all there was to know of reality.

A dugout is not a nice thing to sleep in. A heavily saturated curtain over the entrance as a precaution against gas shuts out every whiff of fresh air; the place reeks with accumulated and intermingled smells; it is damp and dark; cooties and rats make nightmares superfluous; on the whole, it is as near to pre-mortem burial as anything I can imagine. Of course you cannot undress; you wrap yourself in your overcoat instead, and then wind yourself carefully round and round in blankets and—dream wistfully of home and pray for the morning. When our first morning did come, we rushed for the fresh air as a thirst-famished man would rush for water. Then we went again into the trenches, this time straight north toward the very front line. A mile brought us to the ruins of S——, the town from which the Yankees were driven by a surprise attack and which they recovered so gallantly at the point of the bayonet. Mighty things were done in S—— upon that day: American men died, as their fathers had died before, with a shout of victory on their lips; they fought the Boche to a standstill, and then recharged and broke their way sheer through onto the plain beyond; they made the Yankee name glorious throughout that region and put the fear of God and man into the hearts of the Huns who bore the terrific impact. A fight to win a heap of ruins! Yes, that and infinitely more—a fight for all that civilization, religion, honor, and decency mean to men of balanced minds and free-born souls.

For tactical reasons the trenches beyond S—— were unoccupied. We did not know that all-important fact, so we pushed our way forward a full half-mile into No Man's Land. Providence was very kind, as Providence often is toward warfaring men and fools. At any moment the Huns might have moved forward and captured us with ease; there was not an Allied rifle or bayonet between them and us; we were half a mile north of the last French outpost. Our danger came upon us suddenly, borne in by the silence and loneliness, and we moved backward much more rapidly than we had moved forward, and not free from an awful fear until we connected with a French patrol in S——. When we got back to the shattered village of B——, it seemed like home—a place of security. Shells were falling and ripping up the road and tearing gaps in the residue of walls, but it seemed like a haven of peace when we realized how nearly we had come to walking into the arms of the Huns and a German prison camp for the residue of the war. Moral: Do not go into the trenches unless you are personally conducted by some one who knows.

There was a sense, however, in which those trenches were beautiful. Even as we hurried along we could not fail to notice that nature refused partnership with man in his madness. The skylark sang overhead just as Shelley heard it; white clouds like islands of wool floated through the bluest of blue skies; tiny morning-glories, wild lavender, daisies, and scarlet poppies grew on the lips of the trenches and occasionally trailed down their sides. Then shrapnel burst, and we forgot the flowers, but the lark sang on.

In the remnant of the village of B——, Kennedy, a clergyman from Rochester, held to his post as Y. M. C. A. secretary. His headquarters were in a battered château set in what once had been a grove of noble oaks. It was the only place which had any roof left, and not much of that. In the corner of what might have been the grand reception-room Kennedy sold cigarettes and tobacco, oranges and canned fruit, chewing-gum and toothbrushes, chocolate and matches. He also had a collection of books from the American Library Association which he loaned to the boys. He did not preach at all; there was no time and not much of a congregation available, as the men were either in the trenches or asleep between duties. But he insisted, on Sunday morning, that I should hold a service. In the château there was a chapel or oratory. The family which had inhabited the place must have been of considerable importance, possessed of a private chaplain, or the chapel would not have been there. Part of the roof was blown off, the altar had been shattered, windows were gone, the walls had two or three gaping wounds through their three feet of solid masonry, and only two of the carved benches or pews were left. Swallows, or house-martins, flew freely in and out all through the service, feeding their twittering young in a nest just above the larger crucifix, which still clung to the wall unharmed. There, in that strange place, standing on the steps of the ruined altar, where possibly passing prelates of fame had stood from immemorial days, with shells hissing overhead and bursting not far away, I conducted services, and talked to a handful of men about the love and grace of God, and about those holy secrets we all hide deep in our hearts until some terrible menace gives us courage to lend them voice.

The Y. M. C. A. man drew his food from the enlisted men's mess. It was clean and wholesome and abundant. This particular Sunday we went across with our canteen outfit and came back to the château laden with stewed beef and mashed potatoes with gravy, white bread, pudding, and coffee with sugar and condensed milk. But we never ate that dinner—or only fragments of it an hour later. For just as we sat down to our improvised table the German heavies got our range and big shells began to fall and burst uncomfortably near. We ran for the dugout

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and waited until the hurricane passed. But we came out with infinite care, not knowing whether it had been a gas deluge.

Thus I lived for a while with the Y. M. C. A. men as near to the front as any one could get—on the very lips of the inferno. They are brave men, steady men, men who play the game to the limit, men who deserve the Croix de Guerre or the Military Cross as much as any one. America and the Y. M. C. A. ought to be proud that it has non-combatants who in the name of God and home are willing to go out and give and serve without stint to the very uttermost. They are full-blooded men with a love stronger than death.

Somewhere in France, July 6, 1918.

THE THEFT OF A NATION

AUSTRO-BULGARIAN METHODS IN SERBIA

BY E. M. CHADWICK

The writer of this article has made a careful study of conditions in the Near East and writes from direct knowledge. It will be noted that the sources of information drawn upon are first-hand and authenticated. They include Serbian official reports, reports of responsible neutral observers, and statements made by leading Bulgar statesmen and Bulgar newspapers of different shades of political opinion.—THE EDITORS.

THE vilest campaign of the whole war is being carried on in Serbia at this moment. All countries that have fallen into the enemy's power have had to face massacre, oppression, deportation; and of all these Serbia has had her share—far more than her share. She has lost outright about twenty-five per cent of her population since the war began, and, in addition, hundreds of thousands of her people have been carried into bondage—in Austria-Hungary, where they die like flies in pestilential internment camps, starved, half-clad, diseased, and overworked; in Bulgaria and in Asia Minor, where they meet the fate of the Armenians in the deserts. Her little girls, the future mothers of that Serbia for which the Serbs to-day are fighting and dying, have been carried off in thousands by their Bulgarian masters, and sold (or given, I know not which) into the Turkish harems of Constantinople. The indecency of this betrayal of Christians by Christians to the Turks needs no comment to emphasize it.

But this is not all. There is a deliberate campaign afoot—it has been going on for two years and more—to root out the Serbian nation altogether from the Balkan Peninsula, where it belongs as fully and completely as any nation belongs anywhere. The massacres and deportations, the starvation and misery, have removed a vast number of the people; but you cannot destroy the whole of a nation by such means as these. Turkey has tried it for generations with the Armenians, and there are still thousands of people alive who are passionately and vociferously Armenian. Austria and Bulgaria, which between them control Serbia to-day, have subtler methods. Bulgaria, in every phase of the work, goes much further than Austria (whether because she is more wicked or less afraid I cannot say); but there is such overwhelming evidence of full co-operation between the two that Austria cannot escape her share of the blame, not only for her own iniquities, but for Bulgaria's too.

To put the matter in a nutshell, the two allies are seeking to denationalize all the Serbs that they cannot kill. There are practically no men in the country now except the old and infirm, who can help their own people little more than they can harm the invaders. With all the forces of starvation, suffering, and the constant fear of deportation or death to aid in the work, it should not be difficult to rob a population of hungry and helpless women and children even of their nationality. If there are still Serbs in Serbia—*Serbs*, as distinct from mere nondescript humans—it is because the innate heroism and tenacity of the race support even these lonely women and desolate children.

Austria and Bulgaria are removing from the Serbian territories everything, tangible and intangible, that is specifically Serb. Every museum in the country which contained national treasures has been rifled and its contents scattered through the enemy countries. The ancient monasteries, superb specimens of mediæval Serbian art and storehouses of sacred relics of the great days of the Serbian Empire, have been sacked and ruined. Even the Turks throughout their long and cruel rule in Serbia respected the monasteries. It remained for Christian Austria and Christian Bulgaria to lay on them the hand of desecration.

Detchani, above all, held in such reverence throughout the Balkans that Turkish sultans even issued special firmans to protect it, and legend said that whoso laid hands upon it should come to certain death—Detchani the sacred, the Rheims (and more than the Rheims) of Serbia, where gems, jewels, manuscripts, banners, all testified to the glory that was hers in days gone by—Detchani has been sacked; and the stained hands that sacked it are fighting already among themselves for the loot.

Not alone the national treasures are gone, but every inscription carved on the stones of churches, monasteries, bridges, that bore witness to their erection by old Serbian kings, has been erased by hammer and ax. In short, every silent witness to historic Serbian occupation and Serbian culture has been removed. There are no evidences left of the splendid days of Stephan Dushan, of Marko the King's Son, of saintly Lazar, and the great Knights of Kossovo Field. There is nothing but a ravaged land, filled with tortured women and children who dare not even mourn in their own tongue.

That is the crowning atrocity. They are trying to kill the very language of the land. They know—none better—that so long as there are people speaking the Serbian tongue, reading Serbian books, so long will there be a Serbian nation, and the land will be Serbia, no matter what its masters may call it. Mere physical hardships cannot destroy a people in whom the national spirit flames so high as in the Serbs.

Austria has confiscated all books that are distinctively Serbian in character. Under her ban come all the wonderful collections of mediæval ballads—probably the very finest achievement of Serbian art. These ballads, by their heroic narratives of old Serbian glories, contributed more than all else to the preservation of the national spirit through the dark centuries of Turkish oppression; and it is perhaps not surprising that Austria should fear them now. All collections of old Serbian literature have been rifled, and heavy penalties laid on those who failed to give up the books in their possession. The works of modern Serbian writers, such as the popular poets Branko Raditchevitch and Yovan Yovanovitch Zmaï, have been placed on the same Index Expurgatorius.

Bulgaria goes much further. Her authorities have invaded every house in the two-thirds of Serbia which they control, and laid hands on *everything printed or written in the Serbian language*—books, magazines, newspapers, prospectuses of stores—everything from the Bibles and the children's textbooks to the ancient manuscripts in the monasteries. Bonfires were started in each town and village, into which there went every evidence of the Serbian tongue that was capable of being burned.[1] Even this was not enough; they have prohibited the use of the Serbian language even in private correspondence. They have removed the Serbian names from the streets of Serbian cities and have substituted Bulgar names; they have robbed the very Serbian dead of their tombstones. They have, in fact, suppressed the written language altogether.

They are now engaged in killing the spoken language. They began with the children, as the least able to offer resistance. All Serbian schools have been closed, and the Serb teachers removed, many by murder and the rest by deportation, which is simply a slower form of murder. Austria, while she has removed all Serb teachers, reorganized the schools on Hungarian lines, made the study of German and Magyar compulsory,

[1] The canny Bulgar mind soon realized, however, that a source of tangible wealth was in the fury of the moment being burned into nothingness. Thereafter, by order of the Minister of Commerce, all Serbian books and MSS. were sold to the paper factories (at a cent and a half per pound) to be used for pulp!

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and dressed the Serbian children in Austrian military uniforms, has at least respected the language to the extent of allowing the children to use it for most of their studies. But Bulgaria prohibits it altogether. She declines to recognize that Serbia or the Serbs exist any longer. There is no exaggeration in this statement, fantastic as it may seem. Only last February the Bulgarian Premier, in an interview with a correspondent of the Austrian "Neue Freie Presse," said, frankly: "For us Serbia has disappeared. We are in the Morava (eastern Serbia), and the Austrians occupy the rest of the country. Serbia no longer exists, and she gives us no anxiety." And a German "Liberal" statesman (Dr. Mueller-Meininger, of Bavaria) said after a visit to Bulgaria, "It is considered everywhere in Bulgaria that Serbia must be *radically exterminated*." So they proceed to "radically exterminate" her by denying the nationality of her children. If they are not Bulgars, they must be made Bulgars. So the children, who are the only hope of Serbia's future, are summoned to schools where Bulgar teachers instruct them in the Bulgar tongue (with special emphasis laid on correct pronunciation), and teach them that Serbia had no right to exist at all, and that the people who called themselves Serbs were only rebel Bulgars deserving the heaviest punishment. This by way of explanation of the unspeakable horrors these same children have witnessed in the massacre of their parents and the destruction of their homes.

This is indeed the most intolerable of all the bitter sorrows which the Serbs fighting still on the Macedonia front or exiled in Allied and neutral countries have to endure—to know that the minds of the children, for whose future they are fighting and working, are being poisoned against their own country and their own race; that they are being trained as loyal subjects of the nation that has destroyed their people and robbed them of the long and splendid heritage of courage and chivalry that is the birthright of the Serbs. It is wholesale child-stealing of the vilest, the most cowardly, and withal the most scientific, kind. There is, so far as I can discover, no parallel for it even in the darkest pages of the world's history. It is infinitely to the honor of the brave Serbian women that the attendance at the schools has been so small that in a number of cases the Bulgars have simply had to close them.

The propaganda does not end with the children. The adults are being attacked by means of the reading-rooms. Remember, these helpless women and old men are cut off from all communication with the outside world. They can receive no news from their compatriots outside Serbia; they are not even allowed to communicate with the districts under Austrian control. They know nothing of what is happening in the rest of the world. Has Serbia still an army? or a Government? or is she really dead? Is the war still going on? How is it going? Have they any chance of release? They do not know. They know nothing but what the Bulgars choose to tell them, and they choose to tell them lies. Ever since the beginning of 1916 the Bulgarian Government has been opening reading-rooms in the occupied territories (in May, 1916, there were already 130) and filling them with Bulgarian literature, chiefly of the ultra-chauvinistic kind. Many pamphlets have been written specially for this purpose, filled with a mass of false evidence tending to show that the purely Serbian cities of Nish, Vrania, Skoplje, Pirot, etc., are historically and ethnographically Bulgar. Large credits have been voted for the purchase of books for these reading-rooms, which are quite frankly intended to Bulgarize the country. The blame for these measures cannot be laid at the door of the Bulgarian Government alone, for in the debates in the Sobranje every political party has supported the Government in its policy of Bulgarizing Serbia. The unhappy Serbs, living in that bitter darkness of isolation, hungry for any little crumb of news that they might find in a printed page, might well be expected to succumb to such methods. Those that are left in the country are largely people of slender education (the enemy took care at the beginning to eliminate the leading citizens of every district), who have not at hand the answers to the lies spread out before them in the reading-rooms. It is infinitely to their credit that, so far as can be discovered, they are resisting to the utmost all efforts to confuse and mislead them, and are as valiantly and loyally faithful to their own race as they ever were.

The people are even being made to give up their own names. The characteristic Serbian termination "ić" (itch) has disappeared, and the Serbs of eastern Serbia have had the Bulgar "off" tacked on to their names. You will not find an Ivanić or Savić or a Petrović in the whole country to-day; they are all, on pain of death, Ivanoff, Savoff, Petroff. The Bulgars go further yet. Serbian children born since the Bulgarian occupation have had to be baptized with Bulgar names. The Serbian priests have been removed (many of them massacred with unspeakable brutality) and the whole Serbian Church has been placed under an interdict. Bulgar priests celebrate Bulgar services in the churches and refuse to baptize the Serbian babies with Serbian names.

Since even these methods have failed to Bulgarize the Serbs, the Bulgars have invented a yet more drastic procedure. They are forcing the people in Serbia to sign documents, printed in Bulgarian, demanding "to be united forever with Bulgaria, their motherland, and to be delivered by her from Serbian tyranny"! This in lands passionately and indisputably Serb from the earliest days of Balkan history! A recent despatch from the official Serbian Press Bureau in Corfu, where the Serbian Government is now established, in reporting this atrocity, says:

> Propaganda with such documents would be laughable when one remembers that the Serbian population is in the hands of the Bulgar soldiery and *comitadjis*, but it is sad when one thinks of the number of victims of these proceedings. *Whoever refuses to sign these documents presented by Bulgarian functionaries and soldiers is pitilessly executed.* A large number of persons have already been shot in order that Bulgarian newspapers may publish declarations extorted under the menace of death. We cannot quote the whole list of these victims, but we will say that, so far as the priests only are concerned, seven were executed in Zayetchar and its environs alone. These were: Sima Yovanovitch and George Petrovitch, of Zayetchar; Vlada Rachitch, of the village of Vragogrntze; Jivoine Tassitch, of Kralyevo Selo; George Jivkovitch, of Verbitze; the Pope Radissave, of Grlane; and Strachimir Boulitch.
>
> The mere fact that the Bulgars dare to dream of making the world forget with what enthusiasm these populations have defended their native soil against all aggression, and principally against the Bulgars, and the revolt of these populations against them last spring—a revolt which was stifled in the blood of innumerable victims—proves their complete lack of scruples. The Bulgars are forcing the Serbian population to choose between death and the signature of documents whose odiousness and absurdity they do not see, but *which will have to be remembered on the day of settlement.*

That is the point. Bulgaria is playing safe. If the Central Powers win the war, she will retain these Serbian lands, and the sooner she kills the sense of Serb nationality in them the easier her control of them will be. On the other hand, in the now certain event of an Allied victory, Bulgaria's course is equally plain. She will come to the Entente representatives at the Peace Conference, her hands full of such "documents" and "proofs" as those I have described. She will have evidence galore to submit of the purely Bulgar character of these Serbian territories. She will say—and if the war goes on much longer she will say with truth: "The people of the Morava do not even speak Serbian; there is not a Serbian name nor an indication of Serb culture in the land—not a book nor a monument, nor even a name on a street." Of course not, when she has burned the books and wrecked the monuments, suppressed the language and forced the people under pain of death to change their names. All this would have no possible effect if it were a matter of a country about which the world at large is properly informed. Germany could not come to the Peace Conference, no matter what methods she had employed in Belgium, and try to persuade the delegates that the inhabitants of Belgium were Germans. But the world has always been incredibly ill informed as to conditions in the Balkans. Because parts of Macedonia are filled with a mixed population which attaches itself with ease to whatever nationality has the greatest influence at the moment, the public, even the educated public, in other countries has been only too ready to assume that such conditions exist all over the Balkans. That is utterly false. In temperament and character, in historical background, above all, the Balkan nations have each the most distinct and unmistakable identity. But unless the public of the Entente countries takes the trouble to keep itself properly informed as to what is going

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on now in Serbia, it is quite on the cards that in the end a hideous injustice may be done to her. Bulgaria has friends, even in Entente countries, who can see in her only the victim of ancient Turkish cruelties, and shut their eyes to all proofs of her present iniquities. It is perfectly possible that she will be able to bring some influence to bear even at the Peace Table, that will insure her being at least let off lightly, unless public opinion is so well informed that it can refuse to be fooled or to allow its representatives at the Conference to be fooled by Bulgaria's "proofs" and "documents."

Austria, bad as her treatment of Serbia has been and still is, is by no means so dangerous. Quite apart from the probability that she will altogether fall to pieces by the end of the war, she entertains no such hopes of eliminating the Serbian people completely as those which animate Bulgaria. She has too many Serbs and kindred Jugoslavs already under her control to imagine that the race can be wiped out, though she is doing her best. It will be an indelible stain on the honor of all honorable nations if, through indifference or laziness or failure to understand, they allow the faintest injustice to be done to Serbia as a consequence of this present campaign of destruction and lies. Serbia has borne infinitely more than her share of this war. She has endured, with the utmost dignity and reticence, sufferings and losses heavier than any other nation has been called on to face; and, in spite of all, she has scorned every offer of peace that involved a desertion of her allies. If we exact for her less than the fullest and most far-reaching reparation for her sacrifices in our common cause, we shall be as deeply disgraced as if we ourselves had made a dishonorable peace with Germany.

THE CASE OF PAUL CHAPMAN

BY BERENICE C. SKIDELSKY

THE more or less primitive community does not count among its baffling problems that of adequately dealing with the transgressor. Its method is summary: the apprehended offender is strung up, or hounded out of communal confines, or made to suffer whatever else his offense may be deemed to merit, with very little delay.

But in the more developed type of community it is not quite so simple. There are many cases in which a hundred complicating aspects, sociological and psychological, thrust themselves forward, clamorous for consideration, and which make the establishment of identity between judgment and justice a vexatious task.

Just now New York is taking sides on the question of Paul Chapman, a sixteen-year-old boy who, in February of this year, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to expiate his crime in the electric chair during the first week of April. An appeal was taken, and in October his fate will be decided.

The case briefly summed up is this:

Harry Regensburg and his wife, proprietors of a small confectionery and stationery store in Brooklyn, were visited on the evening of October 29 by Harry's brother, Samuel, whom they persuaded, as the hour grew late, to stay with them for the night, a bed being fixed for him in the living-room. In the course of that night the house was broken into by Chapman, sixteen years old, and Hughie Davis, eighteen, who was shot by a policeman in the fracas which followed, leaving his companion in crime to face the trial alone. The Regensburg brothers were killed. There were four bullet wounds in the body of Mrs. Regensburg to be answered for, and a grave danger for a time that her death would follow and constitute yet another murder. She recovered, however, and is now running the store to support herself and her little boy.

Paul admitted his complicity in the intent to rob, claiming as motive that he had been promised $25 as reward for his share in the proceedings, and that he needed that amount because he had always insisted to his mother that he was able to support himself and did not wish to go home penniless. He stoutly denied that he had fired any of the shots. But District Attorney Harry E. Lewis, of Kings County, who represented "the People" in the prosecution of the young prisoner, adduced testimony which leaves little room for question that the boy actually did fire several of them. Paul's assertion is that after he had saturated a cloth with chloroform and placed it under Samuel Regensburg's nose the latter moved a trifle, and, seeing his companion, Hughie Davis, bring his arm down full force on the unconscious man's head, he had fled at top speed from the scene. Judge Lewis contradicted the possibility of this by showing that there were eight bullet wounds inflicted altogether (two in the body of each murdered man and four in that of Mrs. Regensburg); that Hughie had a gun which carried seven, and that of Paul held eight, making a total of fifteen; that when the weapons were subsequently found there were five left in Paul's gun and two in the other, making a total of seven; that the number of wounds inflicted therefore corresponded to the number of bullets missing from the weapons; that some of the bullets removed from the bodies were clean and some were gouged and smudged, corresponding to the difference in bullets fired from both guns for purposes of test.

But all that is, from the point of view of the law, more or less by way of a digression. Legally the boy was guilty of murder in the first degree even if he never fired a shot. He had gone there, not only with a loaded gun, but with an extra clip of bullets; in the course of the cross-examination he admitted readily that he knew the purpose of a gun. Besides guns and chloroform, the boys were provided with the implements familiar to the thoroughgoing crook—a jimmy and a blackjack—and each wore gloves, Paul's of rubber and his companion's of kid, with a far-visioned intent to cover up any possible silent accusers in the nature of finger-prints. Their careful diagrammatic study of the house and its environs and their methods of effecting an entrance showed unmistakable conversancy with wrong-doing.

Judge Lewis, who personally found his task to be a painful one, but who was constrained by his position to fight for enforcement of the law, declared in his summation: "The boy of sixteen with the automatic pistol is just as deadly as the man of thirty; and in order to stamp out crime there must be punishment." The law provides that for a murderer between the ages of twelve and sixteen to be punishable to the full extent it must be demonstrated that there was intent to kill; after sixteen the legal presupposition is that he knew the purpose and potentialities of his weapons.

Arrayed on the other side of the question there are numbers of individuals and organizations who have been laboring zealously to effect the release of Paul. Their argument is that a boy of sixteen is not responsible; that he could not have realized the magnitude of his crime. They add that he is largely the victim of a social order wherein his mother, early deprived of the support of her tubercular husband, was forced to gain a livelihood for herself and her two boys, and was unable, therefore, to give to their upbringing the personal supervision which it should have had. And all of this is incontrovertible.

The age of chargeable culpability is too low, is the cry. Yet statistics point out that sixty-six per cent of serious crimes are committed by boys between sixteen and twenty-one, and to admit leniency on the ground of age would mean to let great numbers of crimes go unpunished.

But this very prevalence of crime in youth, to eyes that go beyond the surface-seeming, is an unmistakable writing on the wall that accuses society of negligence of its full duty. With effervescing spirits, with glowing dreams, with ardent ambitions of one kind or another, with a confused grip upon realities—due to deficient or improper training—these young people frequently find themselves, with no real understanding of how they got there, over the precipice and plunging headlong to the rocks of crime below. One move, insidiously deceptive because being in the midst of it precludes proper perspective to get its true proportions, follows upon another, the outlines of each

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increasingly softened and distorted by accustomedness, until finally (and in many cases suddenly and bewilderingly) an irreparable wrong has been done, and the doer has dashed his life, or his hope of the future, to pieces. All students of sociology agree that, though there are certainly many human beings who are essentially "criminal," on the other hand many grave offenses are perpetrated by individuals who, thrust by some unlucky chance into a certain groove, end in the commission of crime, although there was primarily no more instinct to do wrong than any other normal person possesses. It is that which Emerson understood when he declared that he felt within himself the capacity to commit every human crime; it was that which was back of Oscar Wilde's assertion that "none can tell to what Red Hell his sightless soul may stray."

In with the mass of really fine and serious discussion to which the case has given rise there has been the usual amount of what is known to the newspapers as "sob sister stuff," wherein much has been made of the boy's tender years and his affection (not always clearly demonstrated) for his mother, and in which reference to Mrs. Regensburg's plight has been studiously avoided. For, whatever theories of crime may be advanced, there still remains for Mrs. Regensburg the pitiless fact that her husband and the father of her child has been slain, that her brother-in-law has been deprived of life, and that it is through no fault of her youthful assailants that she herself is yet alive. Approached by interested persons with a request to sign a petition asking for the release of Paul Chapman, she refused, demanding, "Do you expect me to help to save the murderer of my husband?"

Between the inexorable dictates of the law and the semi-hysterical pleas of the sentimentalists, what is the middle course, compatible with justice to Paul Chapman and justice to the widow of the murdered man? What is society going to do about the prevention and treatment of child offenders? It is a question that has been repeatedly asked, and with each successive concrete case of child offense it bobs up with renewed insistence. It is not easy of solution, for it is intertwined with the roots of the whole scheme of society, and necessitates material economic and educational readjustments. Yet surely there must be a solution; and surely no cost should be permitted to stand in the way of locating it.

HER FIRST FLIGHT

AN AIRPLANE STORY

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

OUT of the vastnesses of New York's teeming millions was to emerge one shining figure. He was to descend the steps of the Sixth Avenue Elevated at Fifty-eighth Street at two o'clock precisely. There he was to find the gray runabout at the curb, and she would be at the wheel.

As her watch pointed to a quarter of two she searched again among the approaching pedestrians. What would he look like? He must be nice! No other picture of him would come to her since she had heard his voice over the telephone. What a strange thing that she should only *wish*—and now it was coming true! All she had to do was to wait until two o'clock, and he would come! Her heart sang with the confident joy that compels miracles. She mused happily in the spring sunshine, idly smoothing the polished wheel with one gloved finger.

She had been waiting since 1:30 for fear she would not find vacant the precise spot she desired for parking her car. It *was* so kind of him to take her for an airplane flight! And he did not know whether she would be pretty or stupid. He had not seen her since five years ago in Switzerland. It *was* kind of him. He *must* be nice.

Reluctantly she roused from her reverie to run a glance along the passers-by. She could dream on pleasantly yet a while, for he was not due for ten more minutes. He could be nothing ordinary, like these commonplace people. He had done daring deeds. He had been decorated for bravery over the battlefield of France. She would love to be a man, just to be able to fly an airplane. She would have hurried through college, then she should have gone to France, to dear, sunny southern France, where it must be so beautiful to fly over those friendly farming fields and quaint little villages. Ah! to think of rising from the flying field at Pau, of skimming over the waving poplar trees, swimming through the languorous air towards the snow-clad wondrous peaks of the Pyrenees! Her fancy pictured the blue Mediterranean beyond, lapping the sandy shores of the Riviera; she flew on into Italy, over the orange groves and olive tree slopes, glimpsing here the outline of Corsica's coast, and there a gleaming white château among the undulating hills about Florence, now appear the Seven Hills of Rome and the Tiber, embracing the noble palaces of that majestic old city; and at last comes the loveliness of the Bay of Naples, lying at the ponderous feet of old Vesuvius. What a thrilling, fascinating journey that would be in those soft Italian skies! She closed her eyes to recall the sounds of her familiar convent bells striking the hours in the moonlight across the quiet vineyards of Sorrento.

She opened them again to find her tall *aviateur* striding towards her from the foot of the steps. The look of satisfied expectancy in his eyes and the flying helmet in his hands identified him at a glance. She touched the self-starter, and as the engine caught she flung open the door at her right. He sprang in and closed the door as the car began to move.

So far not a word had been spoken. He smilingly made himself comfortable, tucking his leather helmet under the edge of the cushion. Then he turned his eyes upon her. She glanced half-way round.

"I was just dreaming about Sorrento—about flying over the Bay of Naples. I remember how the old convent bells come across the moonlight to one there—it is so still at night."

"And you picked oranges for breakfast in the garden. And you walked down the steps tunneled through the cliff to the Marina Piccola."

"One sees to the bottom of the sea, standing at the edge of the cliffs."

"At night nine or ten lights twinkle across the Bay from Posilipo."

"But an airplane could not come down in Sorrento—there are so many trees."

"We will land below the cliffs in the Marina Piccola in our seaplane. Old Bartholomew will guard it for us."

"Old Bartholomew—the bent old fisherman?"

"*Mais, oui.* And each day we will fly over to Naples, to Posilipo, to Ischia, and to cameo-cut Capri. We shall look down from above the Rock of Tiberius, where every day he used to fling down his bad wives. We shall fly over the reefs where the sirens used to sing to drown poor Homer's sailors."

"And on to Amalfi, and then up to dear, wonderful Ravello—could we fly to Ravello, where one looks miles straight down into the Bay of Salerno; where on Thursday night they put a candle in the window to light the footsteps of our Lord when he visits the earth?"

"Yes. We would smash our machine there in Ravello, so that we could never leave. We would stay there for ever and ever."

"The old archbishop's palace and its gardens hanging in air. I think one would like to stay there always. But we must fly over to Pæstum before we break it; and I should like to see Stromboli and Mount Etna from the sky overhead. Oh! and think of sailing over Taormina—lovely Taormina—and flying down the Sicilian coast to Syracuse and over to Malta! I am afraid we should be sorry if we smashed our airplane."

"Yes, we should be sorry. Have you ever flown?"

"No."

"But you have seen many flights?"

"No, never."

"Then you have just dreamed all this magic flying trip from Sorrento—you have not read it, no one has told you about it?

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I have never whispered it to a soul, and you have dreamed of flying there too?"

"Yes, I have dreamed it too—many, many times. I have dreamed of nothing else so beautiful. All the poetry and all the soft sunshine in the world is there. Dear Bay of Naples! Have you seen the stunted fire tree outlined against the crimson sunset—the eternal wisp of smoke rising from Vesuvius; the delirious joy of the Italian people at the music of the military band playing their old folk songs? Ah, *Bella Napoli!* How I love it!"

They were gliding over the bridge above Blackwell's Island, a part of the home-to-Long-Island procession of automobile commuters, slackening with a guilty conscience its slow pace as it passed a menacing policeman near the center of the bridge. Once beyond the impassive guardian of the law, the rolling wheels revolved more swiftly. At the Long Island City end of the bridge she pressed on the throttle and deftly darted to the left into the Flushing Road, leaving the long string of motors pursuing their crowded way to Hoffman Boulevard.

He laughed appreciatively as, with gathering speed, she swung the car around the corner.

"Your mother told me you were a clever driver. Do you know all the roads to Garden City?"

"Yes; I have motored everywhere about New York. This road through Flushing is a little longer, but it is less crowded. But please tell me how I must act when we begin to fly. Will I be frightened?"

"Not a bit. Girls are less nervous than men about airplanes. You will find the most frightening part of the trip is climbing into your seat. They are not conveniently arranged."

"How fast will we fly?"

"About one hundred miles per hour is the air speed of my machine. If we go with a thirty-mile wind, we move one hundred and thirty miles an hour over the land. But this afternoon I wanted to climb up, it is so clear. Would you care to risk feeling cold?"

"Oh, I should love it! It cannot be cold in this sunshine. But I should go if I knew I must freeze."

"You will not be cold enough for that. I have a fur coat and fur flying helmet and gloves for you. If you keep your face below the wind-shield, you will not find it too cold. I have a new Hispano-Suize engine in my plane that has already beaten the altitude record, but it wasn't an official record."

"What is an official record?"

"You must have the barograph sealed by the Aero Club Committee. The barograph is an altitude recorder. It has a paper chart inside and a clock that operates the mechanism. As you climb higher, and the air pressure grows less, the pen draws a line of ink up over the chart in conformity with the air pressure. The Aero Club Committee seals the instrument and ties it in the airplane. Then when you come down they take it out and break the seal. They sign the chart and date it, and have witnesses sign it too. Then, if it's a record, they enter it in their books and there can be no dispute about it."

"What is the altitude record now?"

"About sixteen thousand feet is Carlstrom's American record with one passenger. An Austrian named Bier made twenty thousand feet just a month before the war with one passenger. A German pilot went up over twenty-five thousand feet without a passenger."

"And how high can we go to-day?"

"Well, we can go over sixteen thousand feet, but you cannot stand so long a flight on your first trip."

"Why cannot I? Aren't we going to fly to Italy, and isn't that longer?"

She did not look at him as she swept around a procession of slower-moving cars and dropped in ahead of them, or she would have discovered an affirmative answer to her question concerning Italy. He was silent so long a time after she had maneuvered through the busy Broadway of Flushing that she turned to him with an inquiring smile.

"My soul to-day is far away," he began.

"Floating over Vesuvian Bay," she finished. Blushing slightly, she bit her lip and turned away.

Swiftly over the smooth roads the car purred and spun. Through orchards of blossoming fruit trees, over substantial bridges spanning tiny purling brooks, up the hills bordered with glowing dogwood buds, they rushed through the fragrance of spring's new life mingled with the smell of freshly plowed earth. Flashing past the four corners of occasional small villages, they ran silently on, until, topping the last winding hill through the woods, they suddenly discovered Mineola before them.

"Thirty-eight minutes," she exclaimed, indicating the clock on the dash. "I *have* made it in thirty-two by myself, with no one to talk to. But I suppose that does not seem fast to you. Do you think I could learn to fly your airplane?"

"We shall very soon see," he replied. "You shall ride in the front seat and take me up this very afternoon."

"Oh! I would not do that the first time—could I?" she ended, throttling down the motor and turning an eager face towards him. "Does one ever get right in and fly without learning?"

"You shall this afternoon. You can learn to steer and to operate the controls before we leave the ground. I know you can do it after seeing you drive this car. Here we are. Drive through that gate to the right. There is my hangar just ahead. We can park the car here anywhere. One of the men will take care of it."

He watched her slender figure admiringly as she stepped out of the car and joined him. A slightly heightened flush that might be due to the excitement of fast driving colored her cheeks; otherwise cool and resolute, she threw him an inquiring look as their eyes met.

"Now you must cover up this beautiful gown with one of my leather long coats; and you'd better put on this flying helmet too, for it will be colder higher up. Are you nervous?"

"No, not a bit. I've been thinking that if you are going up with me you must be satisfied that I can bring you down safely. So, you see, there is nothing to be nervous about. Do you remember old Charlemagne—the wise old horse I used to ride when we were children?"

He laughed a bit guiltily as he helped her under the ropes. But the look of admiration which accompanied it lingered until they arrived by the side of his graceful, gleaming biplane standing in front of the hangar. His mechanic was examining the wires, turnbuckles, and controls.

"Is she all right, Albert?"

"Right O, sir."

"How many gallons?"

"Twenty-two gallons. I filled her up."

"Good. Run her out and head her into the breeze. Put the blocks in front of the wheels and take out a stepladder, so this lady can get into the front seat."

She glanced swiftly into Albert's face to see how he would take this dramatic information that she was to ride in front—*and steer;* but his stolid serenity indicated that he was well accustomed to beautiful young ladies flying away in airplanes the first time they saw them.

In the rear of the hangar she was shown a locker, where she placed her hat. Fastening her hair securely, she pulled on the long fur-lined helmet until the aperture revealed a familiar, piquant little nose and a charming pair of laughing eyes. Then he helped her on with the leather coat, buttoned the collar up over the edges of the helmet, and finally adjusted over her forehead a pair of aviation triplex glasses.

"Now, when you move the control stick forward like this—gently—it pulls the elevators forward," he explained, as she took her seat and buckled the safety belt snugly around her. "Look behind. See the elevators rise. That forces the nose of the airplane up and she climbs. Now pull the control stick toward you—gently—and you see the elevators go down. So. In that position the nose of the airplane is forced downwards and the machine descends.

"That's all there is to steering up and down. Now to turn to the right or left you have two levers to operate. The ailerons on the tips of the wings are thrust up or down by moving this same control stick sideways. If you bank to the left, you move your hand control to the left. At the same time you move the rudder to the left by the foot-bar there under your feet. Release the pressure with your left foot. See the rudder back on the end of the tail between the elevators? It is pulled to the left, just like the rudder of a boat. That banks the airplane

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over in a half-circle to the left, just as a bird curves in—just as a fast automobile leans in going around the bowl. This is called the 'Dep' control."

Fifteen minutes were occupied in repeating these instructions and in explaining the instruments on the dashboard. A speed indicator, a clock, another open-faced instrument that recorded the number of propeller revolutions per minute, an inclinometer to indicate how much the airplane was tipping from the horizontal, a compass, the barograph, the spark switch and gasoline throttle—all were pointed out and their uses explained.

"Now we are all ready. There are just two things to remember: Don't move the control quickly, under any circumstances. Don't touch either the hand control or foot control if I nudge your shoulder. Let them take care of themselves. Secondly, be prepared for an awful racket when the engine is started. It keeps it up all the time, and we cannot speak to each other at all until we come down again. If you make up your mind to stand this outrageous noise, you will enjoy the flight much more."

She nodded and confidently set her lips. He climbed into the rear seat and motioned to Albert to turn over the propeller.

"Is the spark off, Miss?" inquired Albert, politely.

She examined the switch and replied, "Yes. Why?"

"Because I must first give her two or three turns to suck gasoline into the carbureter. Then you put on the switch and I will give one swing, and she starts."

She understood perfectly. Stubborn motor cars were often treated the same way. After a few mighty heaves Albert grinned and said, "Now put on the spark, Miss."

She pushed over the switch. Balancing his weight on the propeller blade, Albert swung down and leaped aside. The engine coughed, then barked, then roared. She adjusted the throttle and reduced the speed immediately. Again opening the throttle, the propeller redoubled its revolutions and the current of wind lashed back over her small wind-shield like a tornado.

Nodding to Albert and his helper to remove the blocks from in front of the wheels, she increased the speed until gradually the airplane began to move forward. Faster and faster it bounded ahead across the smooth field. She kept her eyes fixed on the control stick in her hand, waiting for the dizzy leap into the air, when she knew she must begin to manipulate the elevators.

Nothing happened for so long a time that she finally raised her eyes and looked over the side of the cockpit. The earth was far below and was quickly receding. She looked ahead. No bunkers presented themselves in that direction. Amazed at the quietness with which they had left solid earth and soared into the sky, she looked at the control bar—the "joy-stick," he had called it. She discovered it was moving softly forward and back in her hand—occasionally the foot-bar moved gently too, although she removed her foot from it entirely. She felt as secure in her seat as in her own motor car. The floor was solid under her feet. There was no dizzy whirling, no sudden falling through space, as she had imagined. The forward impetus of the machine was felt only when she leaned her helmeted head out into the rushing wind. Did the airplane really adjust itself to flying straight without steering or did he have some way of controlling its movement from behind?

She turned around and looked at him. He quickly ducked his guilty head down into his wind-shield, so that nothing of him remained visible to her but the top of his helmet.

Fairly convinced now of his perfidy, she drew the joy-stick slowly towards her and looked ahead to see what would happen. Instantly she felt the control pushed back again. She moved it still farther ahead until she saw the nose of the airplane point towards the earth. Gradually the joy-stick was pressed back into the neutral position against her gloved hand.

He was moving the same levers from his seat. He had made her believe she was in sole charge of the machine, while in fact he could control its movements from behind as well as she could operate them in front. He was testing her self-reliance and nerve. Well, she would show him! He thought she wouldn't dare drive the airplane! Well, she *had* driven it! She had accepted the test and had shown him. With pardonable elation she leaned back and folded her arms, abandoning herself to the enjoyment of the wonderful speed.

The landscape was flat and green below her. Irregular brown squares cut into the green where the farmer's plow had torn up the earth's skin. The straight white highways were startlingly conspicuous. In fact, all straight lines stood out distinctly from this bird's-eye view. Fences, railways, lines of trees, even the telephone poles, marked a bold, striking line across the flat map below.

Thrilled and fascinated with the swiftness and smoothness of motion, she turned to smile joyously at her companion. His eyes smiled back through the goggles as he pointed upward and ahead. Turning her gaze in that direction, she saw that they were approaching a fluffy layer of white drifting clouds. Scattered towns lay far below them. Garden City was easily identified to the right by its Cathedral and large hotel. Several other villages were dotted about. Far distant to the right the confused, irregular panorama was lost in the smoke and dust of Greater New York, thirty miles away. The Narrows, the Bay, and the unlimited stretch of the Atlantic Ocean lay before her. She turned about and saw the Sound stretched like a narrow silver ribbon through the landscape, separating Long Island from the mainland of Connecticut. Farther north, across the peninsula of Westchester, gleamed the still narrower band of the Hudson River. That was where she lived. Arnold had telephoned to her there only yesterday. What a glorious view! The whole world lay flat before her. The clean, dustless air sparkled in the sunshine.

As she faced back to the front she suddenly found that they were enveloped in a swirling, impenetrable mist. So unreal and unexpected was the sudden change that she thought she must be dreaming. She looked again over the sides of the machine. Nothing could be seen of the green earth and gleaming water. On every side, above and below, was a thick, clinging fog. They were in the center of a summer cloud.

The engine continued its steady hum. She glanced at the open-faced altimeter. Seven thousand feet. They had been climbing for only fifteen minutes! Now she realized the advantage of the several instruments on the dash. In this enveloping cloud bank it would be impossible to know without a spirit-level whether one was headed up or down. The earth was out of sight. Everything was out of sight.

Suddenly they popped through into blue sky and sparkling sunshine. The airplane seemed to stop its laboring and to leap forward like an automobile emerging from soft ground onto a paved road. The ocean was again visible over the end of the floating cloud ahead, but below them they seemed to be supported by pinnacles of white cotton down. They were above the clouds!

Eight thousand, eighty-five hundred, nine thousand feet the indicator pointed. Entirely out of sight of landmarks by which to mark their speed, they seemed to be motionless as the wind swept over them. Ahead and above, the far reaches of the heavens expanded into infinity. The atmosphere seemed clearer and stiller. Their daring craft hurled them onwards into this immensity of space with a superhuman audacity.

She shivered slightly as she looked over the fragile outspread wings and realized the delicacy of the support that held them suspended nine thousand feet above ground. *Eleven thousand feet, the arrow indicated!* It was getting cold at this high altitude. How high had she ever been before—on mountains—in Colorado and in Switzerland? At Lake City she had once climbed above the timber line. That was almost twelve thousand feet, they had told her.

From Zermatt she had climbed in the cog railway car up to eleven thousand feet, and again the Jungfrau railway had taken them to eleven thousand five hundred feet.

Twelve thousand five hundred feet. Now she was higher than she had been before. She had broken her best previous record! How much higher would they go? Sixteen thousand feet, he said, was the American record, and he had already gone that in this same airplane.

Now, for the first time, she felt the machine tip over to the left. The sudden lurch startled her momentarily. Dipping down the left wing, the airplane climbed around in a half-circle, paused again on an even keel, and resumed its rushing momen-

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) PAUL THOMPSON

HOG ISLAND'S FIRST BIG SHIP LAUNCHED—THE QUISTCONCK SLIDING OFF THE WAYS AFTER BEING CHRISTENED BY MRS. WILSON

Mrs. Wilson, who has just christened the vessel, is seen standing on the platform at the left of President Wilson, who is waving his hat. An account of this launching is given in the editorial pages

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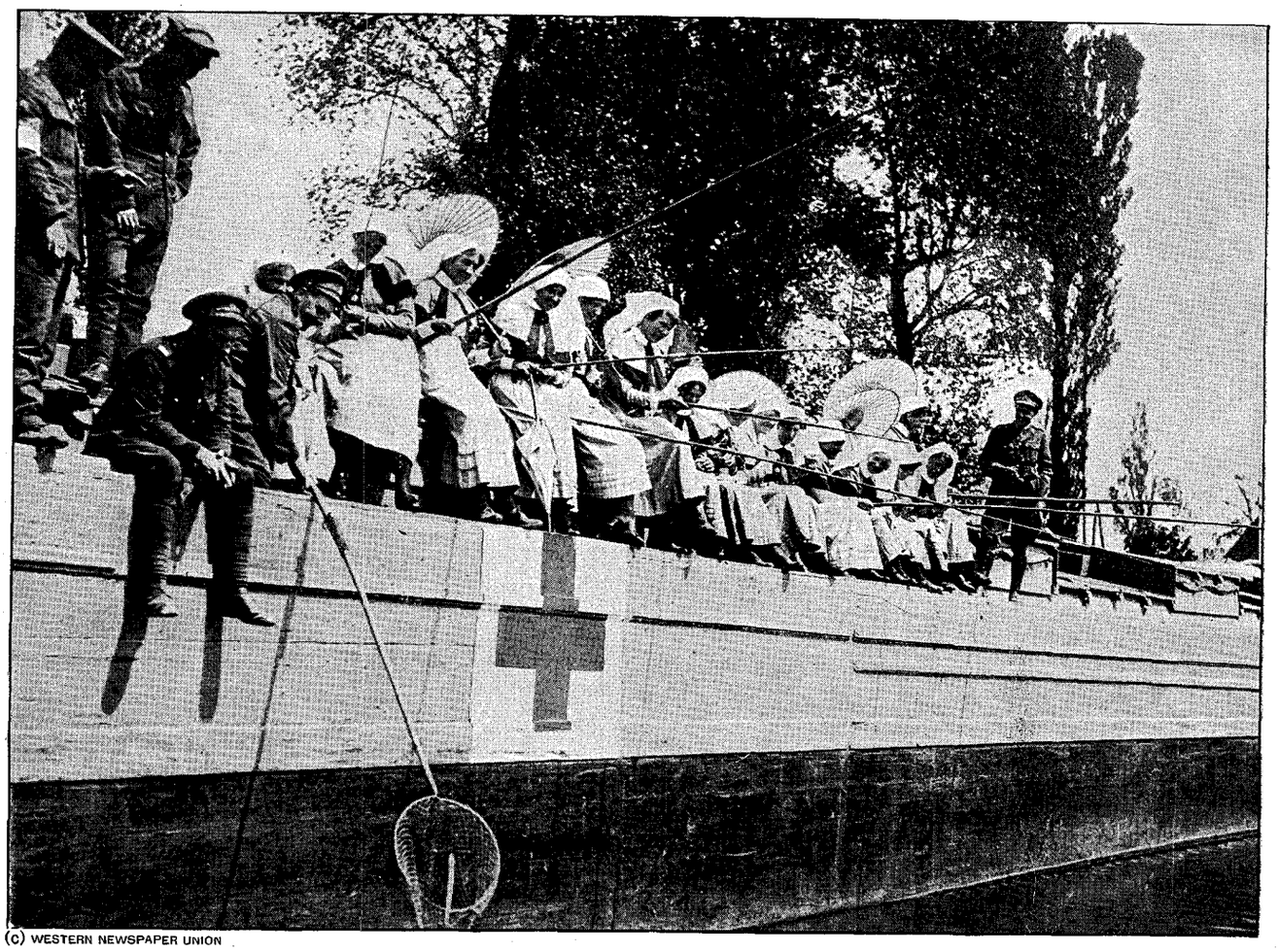

(C) WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

A FRIENDLY FISHING CONTEST BETWEEN SISTERS OF A RED CROSS HOSPITAL BARGE IN A FRENCH CANAL

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

AMERICAN WOUNDED SOLDIERS BACK FROM FRANCE ENJOYING A BASEBALL GAME AT FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA

"OFF DUTY"—RECREATION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BORNE THE HEAT AND BURDEN OF THE DAY AT THE FRONT

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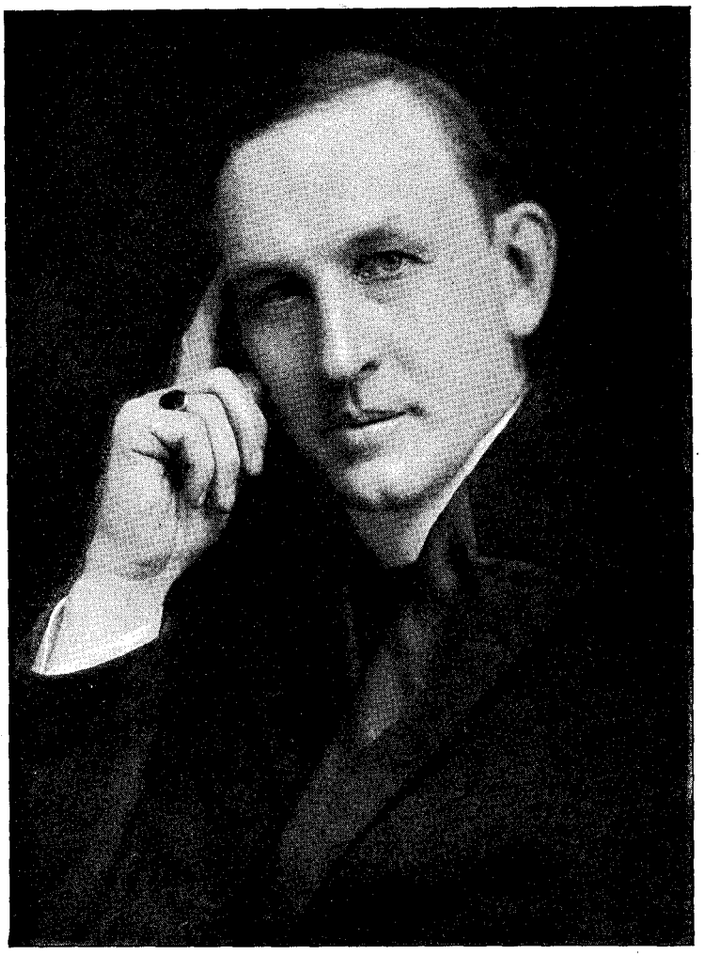
(C) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

FATHER DUVAL, WHO RECEIVED THE CROIX DE GUERRE FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION

Chaplain Duval, prominently associated with the Knights of Columbus and attached to a regiment of United States infantry of the 42d Division, received the decoration which he wears for his care of the wounded while under fire



CAPTAIN WALTON S. DANKER, CHAPLAIN OF THE 104th REGIMENT, THE FIRST AMERICAN CHAPLAIN TO FALL

Captain Danker was mortally wounded on July 16 while preparing to conduct divine service. He died two days later. A sketch of his life will be found on another page

TWO HEROIC CHAPLAINS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

VASSAR COLLEGE NURSES PARADE IN POUGHKEEPSIE

These young women, like many others throughout the country, are training to act as Reserve nurses. The scarcity of nurses in our hospitals, owing to the demands at the front, makes the work that these women plan to do one of peculiar importance

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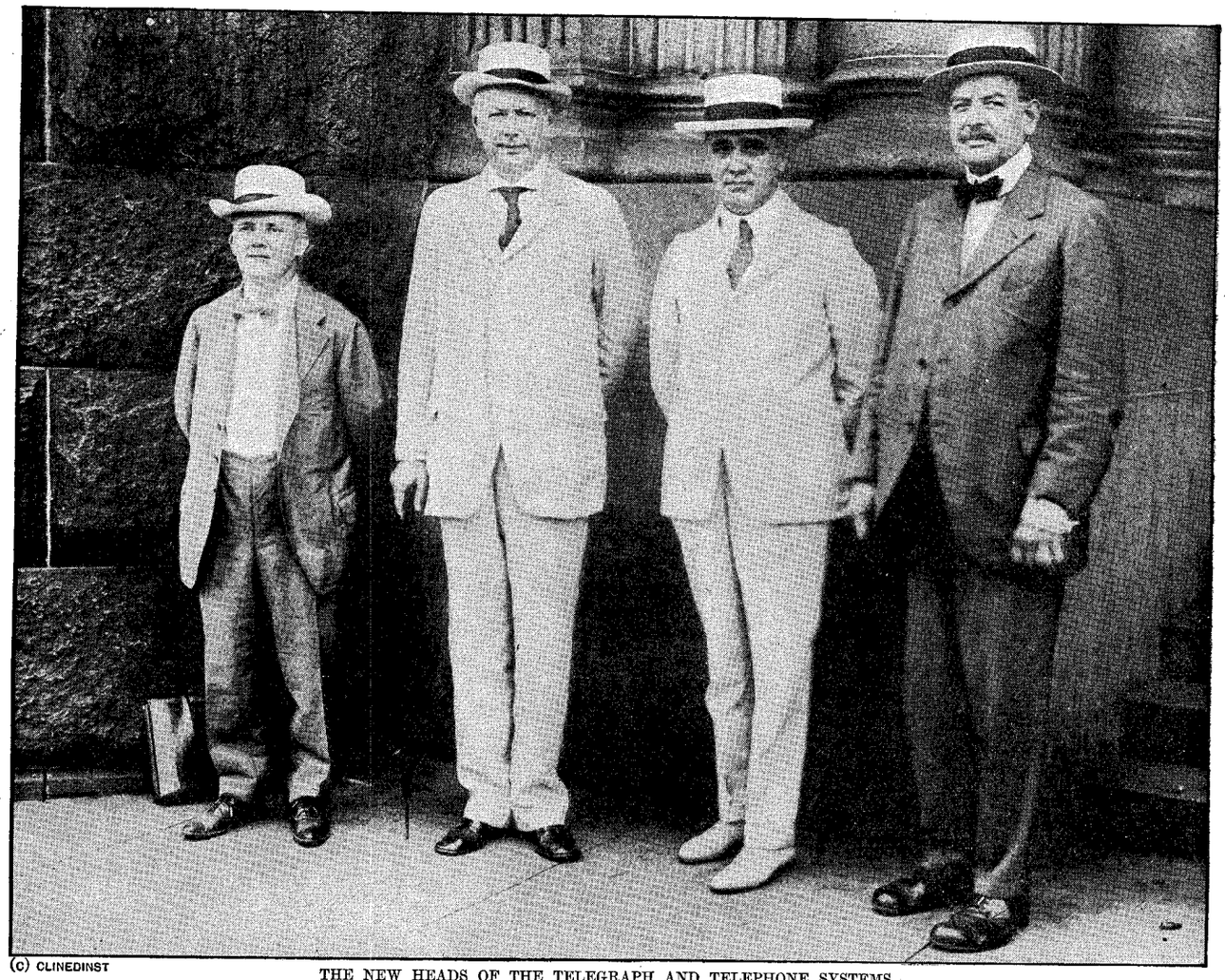
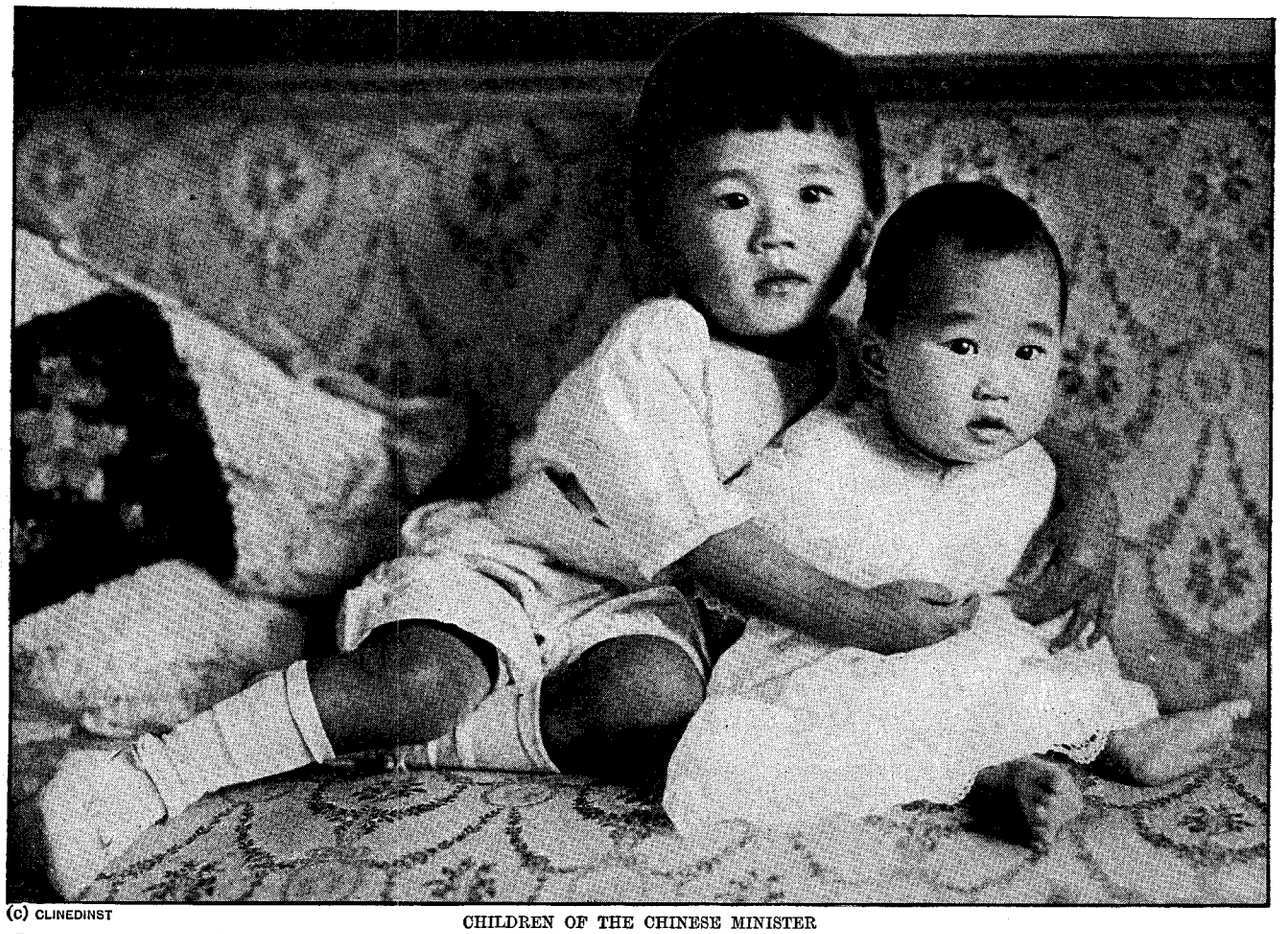


(c) CLINEDINST

THE NEW HEADS OF THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE SYSTEMS

The wire systems of the country were on August 1 placed under the control of the Postmaster-General and three assistants. The photograph shows Postmaster-General Burleson as the second figure from the left. Next him, at the right, is John C. Koons, First Assistant Postmaster-General, and, farther to the right, Judge W. H. Lamar, Solicitor for the Post Office Department. At the extreme left is David J. Lewis, former Representative from Maryland, and now a member of the Tariff Commission



(c) CLINEDINST

CHILDREN OF THE CHINESE MINISTER

These bright-faced children are respectively the son and daughter of the Hon. Wellington Koo, Chinese Minister to the United States since 1915. Dr. Koo was born in Shanghai in 1888; he studied at the Anglo-Chinese College in Shanghai, Cook Academy in New York, and Columbia University; in 1916 the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Yale University. He has held many important diplomatic positions. In 1913 he was married to Miss Pao-yu Tong, daughter of a former Premier of China

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES AT WASHINGTON

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tum, now towards the western sun. She had forgotten the necessity for steering and balancing their craft, and had abandoned herself entirely to the mystery and wonder of the flight.

The sun's rays shone in and warmed her with the glow. She leaned over to the right and looked down. Still they were traversing a mysterious world. The floor below was of pinkish billows of clouds. As far around as the eye could reach nothing resembling Mother Earth could be seen.

An hour had passed since they had left the ground. It seemed an age, so many new impressions had crossed her mind—so far removed from terrestrial thoughts had she been. The roaring of the engine exhaust alone connected her with affairs mundane. An eternity separated her from the New York of yesterday. The peaceful serenity of this new world above the clouds!

Her imagination pictured the human throng scurrying along the Avenue above Forty-second Street, intent upon shopping or drinking tea. This glorious expanse dwarfed them into puny and insignificant beings.

Now the needle was hovering about sixteen thousand feet. The air was cold, piercing cold. It required some little resolution to hug herself back into a comfortably warm state of mind. But she wanted to go on and upward. Her temples throbbed a little and a heavy weight seemed pressing under each ear. She breathed deeply. The air was noticeably rare at this height—at least she believed she could notice the rarity. She turned her head and regarded her helmsman. He appeared nonchalant and perfectly at ease. He gestured downward with his thumb inquiringly. She vigorously shook her head and pointed upward.

Seventeen thousand feet was passed—on to eighteen thousand the needle labored. The cold was getting demonstrative. She snuggled down into her seat, seeking the fullest protection of the cowl and wind-shield to shelter her from the wind. But she did not falter in resolution. No other girl in all the world had ever been so high above earth! She would go on to the very end. What mattered a few moments of cold compared to the marvelous experience of flying up to the very portals of heaven?

She turned her eyes away from the barograph and held them off for a long, long time, picturing the advance the needle must be making. She looked again over the side of the fuselage. They had passed into a cloudless sky again. The earth lay like a brown splash far, far below. The entire length of Long Island was now clearly outlined within the horizon. Mountains broke the smooth line of the horizon at several points to the north and west. New York City and the towns of Jersey were almost obliterated by smoke from their own chimneys. The airplane was three miles in the air above Connecticut! Looking back, she could pick out several ships dotting the waters of Sandy Hook.

Suddenly a forward lurch of the machine threw her heart into her throat. Simultaneously the monotonous roar of the engine ceased. The airplane took a new and unexpected motion. With nose pointed toward earth, it slid down greased banisters with constantly increasing velocity. She threw one glance at the barograph needle. *Twenty thousand feet*, it registered. She turned to look at her companion. His reassuring grin appeared through the disguise of his uniform. All was well, then. He had cut off the engine and was volplaning down to earth.

Two hours going up—twenty minutes coming down! At tremendous speed the great machine dived downwards. At the end of each dive the airplane flattened out and, gradually leaning in, banked a stiff half-circle and again darted down. The onrushing speed was magnificent. The expanding earth rose up majestically to meet them. Familiar objects gradually came into view. The homely regularity of ugly frame houses smote her consciousness abruptly. She was coming down to earth!

With a final swoop above the surface of the flying field, the obedient biplane spread its wings, pancaked slightly, and settled quietly onto the grass before the open door of the hangar. Albert threw away his cigarette and advanced to meet them with his ladder.

"How high did you get, sir?" inquired Albert.

"A little over the world's record, Albert; 20,500 feet," was the reply.

The sudden cessation of rapid movement and the readjustment of the air pressure upon the temples left her for some moments confused and giddy. It was all over! She had flown through the air! She had actually been higher above the world than any other woman who ever lived!

The immensity of this distinction quite appalled her. How could she ever thank him enough for such a flight? She would try after dinner to-night.

"*When* do you think you could fly to Italy with me?" he repeated, as he held her hand in parting that night.

The footman stood behind him, patiently holding his hat and stick. Eventually the footman replaced the hat and stick on the hall stand and withdrew from the room, coughing in his own noiseless and embarrassed manner as he averted his eyes.

VENICE ENDANGERED[1]

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

Softly an oar breaks the stillness,
Cadenced, unhurried, alluring,
Over the waters whose darkness
Catches in tremulous shadows
Palaces phantomly brooding;
Ripples—as fine as the whispered
Pleadings of timorous lover—
Smoothed in the wake of the waters
Vaguely, in shadowy grayness.

Only my boat in this vastness,
Mine, the one light in the darkness,
Blue, like a gem with the luster
Of strangely Byzantine meaning,
Tremblingly held in a setting
Spun out of mystical dreaming;
Gliding . . . and gliding . . . and gliding,
Over that darkness uncharted
Save in the soul of her children.

Turning a strange *canaletto*
Tucked in a cover of mists,
The gondola slips to its moorings
By shadowy *pali* embraced.
And all that has motion swings rhythmic
With languorous, slumberous lilt,
And all that has sound goes a-humming
The notes of an old *ninna nanna*,
So lulling . . . and mellow . . . and . . . hushed!

High in the sky spaces hidden,
Gloatingly watches the raider
Over the city unlighted,
Sees but the darkness primeval
Of marshes and placid lagoons.
But Heaven, beyond the starred arches,
Can glimpse through the veil of the night
The courage of Venice, bestowing
Her freedom and art for the right!

Villa Torricella, San Domenico di Fiesole, Italy.

[1] On account of frequent Austrian attacks from the sky, Venice is kept in total darkness at night, the few gondolas out after sunset on the Grand Canal being allowed to carry a dim blue light at the stern.

Pali are the poles at *traghettos* or other landings to which the gondolas are moored. *Ninna nanna* is the Venetian for lullaby.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of August 7, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: "Our God Is Marching On."
Reference: Editorial, pages 546, 547, 549.
Questions:

Note.—Dr. Abbott has suggested a topic that should receive serious study and thought. 1. Give a résumé of Dr. Abbott's description of social, economic, and political conditions in 1835. 2. Discuss the value of doing the work called for in question 1. 3. Dr. Abbott says no revolution has taken place in Germany or Austria in the last eighty years. Review the conditions in these two countries in 1848. Did they have revolutions then? Think carefully. 4. Which countries are better off, those in which no revolutions occur or those that experience revolutions? What are revolutions? Are they necessary? 5. Dr. Abbott believes the human race is in better condition now than in 1835. What evidence has he given? 6. A paragraph from Mr. Gladstone written in 1851 is quoted by Dr. Abbott on page 547. Are such facts true of Germany to-day? Prove what you say. 7. Historians inform us that the world has been in revolution particularly since about 1900. What do they mean? Review social, political, and economic movements in Russia, Turkey, Persia, China, Japan, England, and America since 1900. Do this thoughtfully and see whether you reach Dr. Abbott's conclusion in his final sentence, page 549. 8. Tell what progress is. 9. Do you think that the "unseen forces" are going to unite the various nations in a world state? If so, give your reasons for your opinion. 10. Read Harding's "New Medieval and Modern History," pages 694–735 (American Book Company). Own and study "Social Progress in Contemporary Europe," by F. A. Ogg (Macmillan), and "The Spiritual Interpretation of History," by Shailer Mathews (Harvard University Press).

B. Topic: The Retreat of the Germans.
Reference: Page 541.
Questions:

1. Show what The Outlook means by saying that "the second battle of the Marne bids fair to become the second battle of the Aisne." 2. What is the advantage gained by the Allies in this offensive? 3. Discuss the value of this battle to the Allies. 4. Does this war show that free governments can be as efficient as autocratic governments? Discuss. 5. Do you think this war will put an end to the schemes and aims of the Kaiser and his gang? Explain their schemes and aims. 6. Can you give several reasons why this world is already better than it was in 1914? 7. Give four or five reasons why Germany cannot win this war. Discuss each. 8. Discuss also the dangers of being too optimistic about the present success of the Allies. 9. The following books will help you to see more clearly the task before the Allies: "Germany's Annexationist Aims," by Grumback and Barker (Dutton); "The Schemes of the Kaiser," by Madame Adam (Dutton).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Government as Railway Manager.
Reference: Pages 551, 552.
Questions:

1. Mr. Price mentions a number of disadvantages and evils that developed under private management of our railways. What are they? Are such things necessary under private management? 2. Some think that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has done the railways more harm than good. What, with your reasons, is your opinion? 3. Discuss the declared policy of the United States Railroad Administration in regard to the railways. 4. Compare it with the evident policy of railway corporations before the railways passed under the control of our Government. 5. Mr. McAdoo believes transportation is necessary to civilized existence. Could we not live a civilized life without our railways? There is more to this question than you may think there is. 6. To what extent do you think shippers should be consulted in regard to transportation changes? 7. Do you think the railways should be controlled and owned by private concerns after the war? Give your reasons.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. History should be taught by optimists only. 2. The aim of government is ordered progress.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for August 7, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Marts, absentee landlordism, chaos (547); salient, propinquity (541); climacteric, intra-State (551), technique (552).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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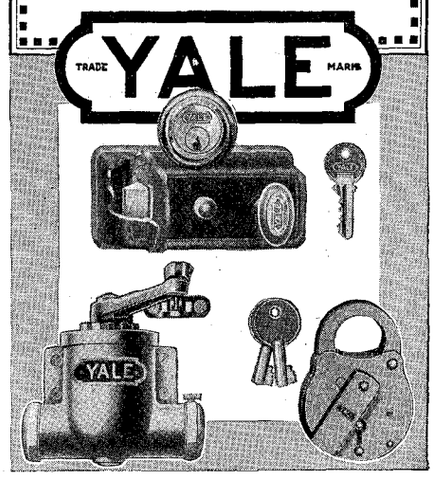

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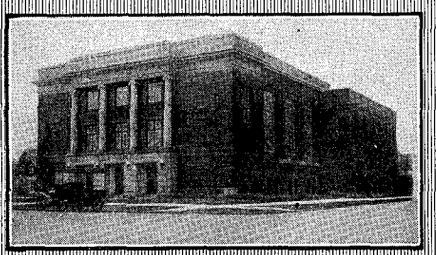

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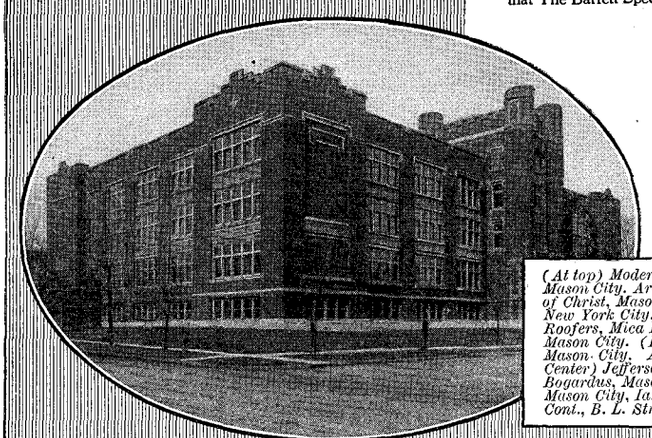

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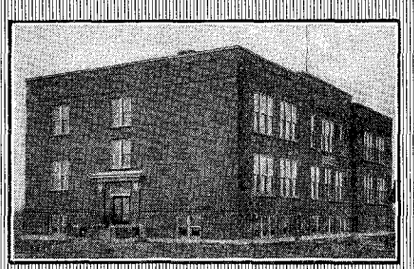

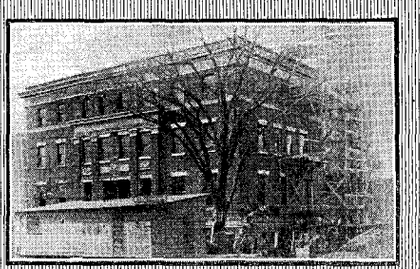

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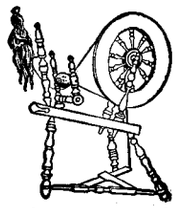
Neckwear and Veils *at* McCutcheon's



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IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook will be non-returnable after September 1. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at newsstands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

At His Country's Call. A Tale of the Great War. By Albert Lee. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Smiting of the Rock (The). By Palmer Bond. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

A tale of Western pioneer life, with love as well as adventure a prominent feature of the story.

Willow the Wisp. By Archie P. McKishnie. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

A romantic and adventurous story of the woods of northern Canada.

POETRY

My Ireland. Songs and Simple Rhymes. By Francis Carlin. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.

Silver Trumpet (The). A Book of Verse. By Amelia Josephine Burr. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

Songs of the Stalwart. By Grantland Rice. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

WAR BOOKS

South-Eastern Europe. The Main Problem of the Present World Struggle. By Vladislav R. Savić. Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

The author of this volume, a Serb, started life as a refugee, being only a few months old when in 1876 the Turks invaded Serbia, compelling his mother, with him in her arms, to flee before the foe. He studied in Belgrade, Zurich, and Paris, lived in Russia during the Russo-Japanese War and the Revolution of 1905, and then in London, acting as correspondent of a Moscow paper. Later he had charge of the Serbian Foreign Office Press Bureau. During the present war, as a member of the regiment of his native district, he took part in the campaign of 1914–15. He holds that, despite Serbia's efficiency, the Entente Powers, instead of reinforcing Serbia as the best means of inducing Rumania and Greece to side with the Allies and of preventing Bulgaria from joining the Central Powers, began negotiations with Bulgaria which only accelerated the German offensive, and brought pressure to bear on the Serbian Government to prevent Serbian military action against Bulgaria. From that moment, he says, Serbia was doomed.

Under Four Flags for France. By George Clarke Musgrave. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

The "Four Flags" are those of France, Belgium, Great Britain, and America. Readers may remember that Dr. Musgrave's previous volume was entitled "Under Three Flags"—a description of the Spanish War in Cuba. The present volume is a summary of what has happened so far in France. It is an excellent summary. Its marked feature lies in the fact that the author witnessed the Spanish-American and Boer Wars, and his comparisons between them and the present campaign are as apt as they are striking.

MISCELLANEOUS

Modern Library of the World's Best Books (The). Vol. 36—The Master Builder, Pillars of Society, Hedda Gabler. By Henrik Ibsen. Vol. 37—Evolution in Modern Thought. By Haeckel, Thomson, Weismann, and Others. Vol. 32—Anatol, Living Hours, The Green Cockatoo. By Arthur Schnitzler; Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. Boni & Liveright, New York. 60c. each.

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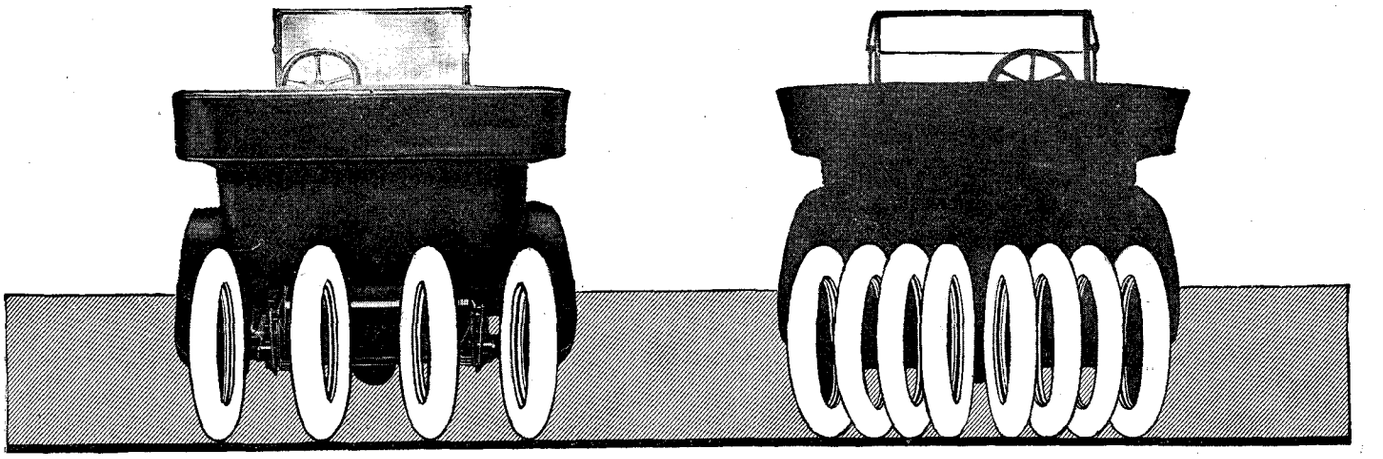

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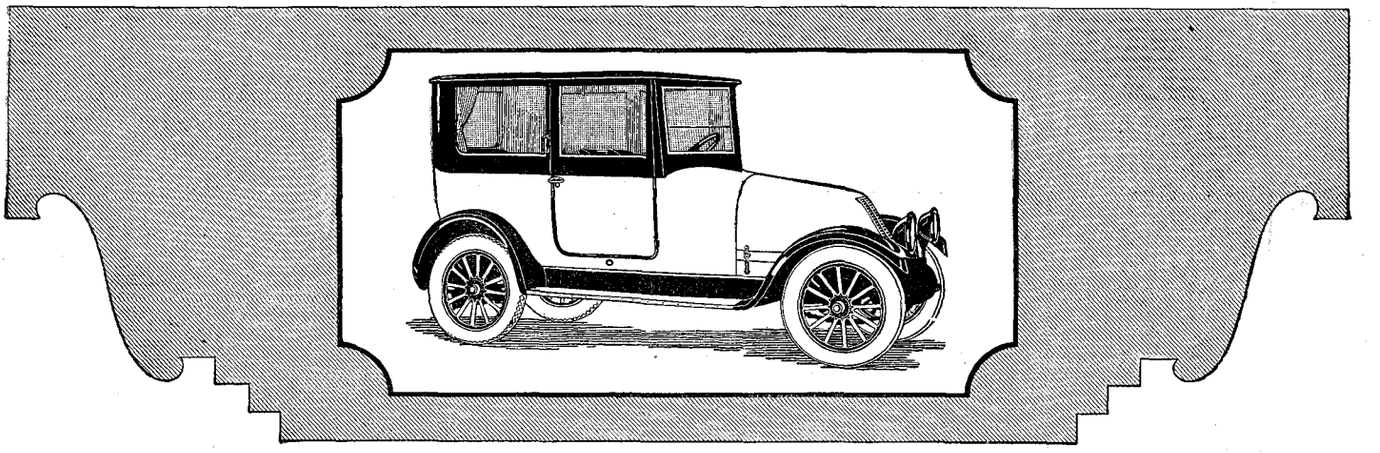

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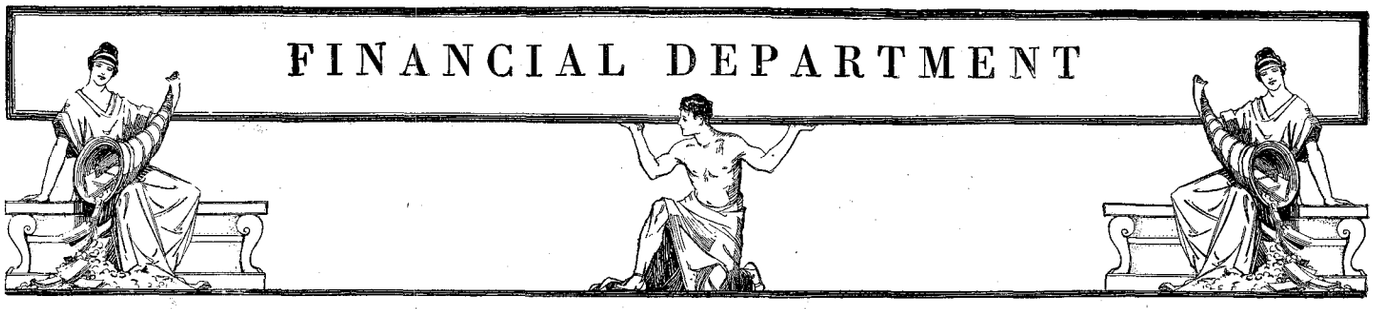

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
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Analysis of Liberty Bond Issues

WE have prepared for the use of investors a concise comparison of the several issues of Liberty Bonds.

The table shows the yields and essential details of the six issues outstanding.

A copy will be sent upon request for Z-86.

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Bonds *Short Term Notes* *Acceptances*

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THE LOANS TO OUR ALLIES

THE newspapers report that German capitalists have recently been buying through neutral sources war loans of the Entente nations. Whether this is true or not, it is a practical certainty that neutral interests have been buying in the American market the bonds of the various loans which America has made to England, France, and Italy.

While the war has enlarged the vision and the opportunity of the American investor, and while we have begun to realize that all the good things in the investment field are not limited to the United States, we have since our entrance into the war been afforded opportunities which have to some extent curtailed our interest in foreign government securities. The attention of the American investor has been in recent months directed in large part to the purchase of Liberty Bonds and of such domestic securities as American Telephone and Telegraph 6s, Bethlehem Steel 7s, Armour 6s, Procter & Gamble 7s, Federal Land Bank 5s, West Penn Power 6s, to mention only a few unparalleled investment opportunities.

Travelers abroad, especially those who have visited neutral nations—Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Sweden—say that even the German sympathizers in those countries recognize the highly speculative features of the German internal loans. As a hard and practical business proposition, capitalists in those countries are buying the bonds of the Allied Governments, regardless of their sympathies. Japan has not only been a heavy lender to Great Britain and France, but has also been a substantial buyer of the external loans of the Allied Governments, not to speak of her own sterling 4½ per cent loan placed in London, Paris, Berlin, and to some extent in the United States during the Russo-Japanese War.

Even the interest on the Imperial Russian Government external loans sold in this country continues to be paid. Those who are acquainted with conditions in Russia feel that the Government will ultimately right itself. Dr. Lyman Abbott, writing in a recent issue of The Outlook on the progress of events during his lifetime, has pointed out that within that period all the leading governments of the world, with the exception of Germany and Austria, have, either with or without a revolution, gone over to the democratic form. No one who has any faith in the significance of historical events or any faith in the human race can believe other than that Russia, sooner or later, will take a leaf from the early history of the United States and recognize eventually her social and financial obligations to the world.

In the last analysis, the real security behind a government bond is the taxing power of the issuing government. This is limited by the national wealth and the financial responsibility of its people. With the growth of world trade and consequent interweaving interests, the necessity for maintaining a nation's credit has been strongly driven home. England and France have for centuries held their national integrity so high that their obligations have become the criterion for all such securities.

In the past, government bonds, notably those of the United Kingdom, France, and the United States, have often sold down during war times, only upon the return of

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[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

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The Loans to Our Allies (Continued)

peace to return to a higher level than that of the pre-war period. May we not expect the same reaction in the first certain gleam of peace?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What are the advantages in purchasing thousand-dollar bonds as against those of small denominations?

A. A peculiarity of the market for bonds in small denominations is that the buyer will pay proportionately more than he would for a thousand-dollar bond of the same issue, and upon offering it for sale will find a much lower price bid than for the larger piece. This is always true except in the comparatively rare cases when an original bid and an original offer for the same bond come into the market at the same time. Under these conditions, a price approximating that of a thousand-dollar bond is apt to be agreed upon.

Q. Please advise whether you think it best to convert the First Liberty Loan 3½ per cent bonds or to hold them? Are they likely to sell higher after the war?

A. All of the Liberty Loan Bonds will undoubtedly sell much higher at the first assurance that the end of the war is at hand. The removal of the necessity for the issuance of any more such bonds would in itself account for a considerable rise in market value. Despite its comparatively low interest rate, the First Loan is at present selling at a much smaller discount than the others, because the demand for it is stimulated by its tax-free features. It will always hold the same relative position, at least as long as the present general plan of income tax law remains in force.

Q. What is meant by a "good delivery"?

A. The stock exchanges lay down certain rules regarding the indorsement of registered securities, guarantees of signatures, physical condition of certificates, number of coupons attached, and so forth. If all of these regulations have been complied with, a security is said to be a "good delivery."

Q. Why are so many corporations offering short-term notes for sale now?

A. Although many of the corporations which have recently been in the market for additional capital hold in their treasuries long-term bonds authorized and ready for sale, they have been loth to put them out or to make new issues of the same kind in the present money market with its prevailing high rates of interest. Many have satisfied their capital needs by the sale of short-term notes, hoping that before the time to refund them arrives normal conditions will have returned.

Other corporations, on the contrary, have financed themselves through immediate sale of their long-term bonds, being willing to pay the additional interest over a period of years for the sake of more or less permanently filling their requirements.

The wise investor has an eye to the future and is not confining his buying to the short-term loans of temporarily high interest return, but is acquiring a fair proportion of conservative long-term bonds, either new or old, which can be had at very attractive prices.

Q. What are the salient characteristics of equipment bonds, and how do they rank as investments?

A. Equipment bonds correspond in some ways to a chattel mortgage. For example, a railway needs $20,000,000 worth of various kinds of new rolling stock. The usual way of handling the transaction would be for the road to purchase the stock, paying, say, $2,000,000, or ten per cent, out of its treasury and selling $18,000,000 par value of bonds secured by a lien on all of the equipment purchased to supply the needed balance. These bonds would mature serially over a period of years, the last falling due within the estimated average life of the equipment, all of which would remain under the lien until the last bond was retired. In some cases the trust agreement provides that the actual title to the rolling stock pass into the hands of the trustee, and that he shall lease it to the railway for a rental equivalent to the interest charges on the outstanding bonds. In either case, despite depreciation, an ever-increasing equity is maintained. Bonds of this sort rank very high.

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TURKEY AND ITALY

I have been so much pleased with The Outlook in recent months that I cannot avoid the temptation of telling you about it.

I read your recent editorial on the subject of Turkey with the greatest interest and with full approval of the motives and purposes underlying it. I agree with you that we are at war with Turkey already, and in our sentiment and ideas are, and always will be, permanently at war with the Turks, unless the miracle happens and they change. Since we are at war with them in fact, however, I have never seen the utility of a declaration of war, unless we had troops and ships immediately available to put it into effect. To borrow Lincoln's phrase, we do not want to imitate the Pope who issued his bull against the comet. Even if we had troops available, and ships also, which does not seem apparent now, I think it would be uneconomical of our resources to use them for this purpose. The better way, when the happy time arrives that we have plenty in France and a surplus to send elsewhere, will be to use that surplus in taking over additional sections of the British lines, and let the British authorities send their released soldiers to reinforce their armies in Palestine and Mesopotamia.

Divide and conquer, it would appear, has been the German rule, just as centuries ago it was the Roman rule. The Allies have fought battles, while the Germans have waged war.

The obsession that some have had that there was nothing in this war but the western line in France has added greatly to Germany's strength by enabling her to conquer in detail Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, a part of Greece, and the larger part of Russia. But the British are better able, for obvious reasons, to wage the war against Turkey than any of the other Powers, and of all the nations at war they are most vitally interested there. We ought to send 100,000 soldiers, or more, to Italy. These would be sufficient to do some good. The capital blunder of the Allies last year was in not supporting General Cadorna when it was possible, with proper support, to have gone through Laibach to Vienna.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Wilson is a close reader of The Outlook. I have so often seen it happen that he has adopted ideas which I had seen hammered on from month to month before that I cannot help but believe that there was some relation of cause and effect there. Can you not hammer this idea home?

We, of all people, should aid the Italians as well as the French. In the first place, every company and every regiment sent to Italy could be partly composed of Italians, who would prefer to be there than elsewhere and would have no new language to learn; and they could act as interpreters and teachers to the Americans who went with them. In the second place, the Italians born are in greater numbers in our armies than those of any other nationality. In the third place, this plan is more promising, both in a military and a political sense, than any other adventure. I have never seen any reason why the Germans could always leave the western front when they wanted to and the Allies could never do the same, but could only play at side issues of the war with inadequate forces.

SYDNEY J. BOWIE.

Birmingham, Alabama, July 5, 1918.

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Stone House, in Penn. farm-house style, surrounded with old shade trees; situated on hillside bordering the Wissahickon Park; with 7 acres of rolling ground, carefully laid out lawns, formal vegetable and flower gardens, and woodland. 16 rooms, 3 baths, 4 open fireplaces, electric lights, mod. plumbing, city water. Stables, garage, chauffeur's room and bath. Full description and photos on request. **Mrs. Frank Miles Day, Allen's Lane, Germantown, Phila.**

TENNESSEE

MOUNTAIN HOME
FOR SALE—in East Tennessee
Home of retired physician, 80 acres, covering mountain top overlooking town and river; 1,500 feet above sea level. Ideal climate all the year round. Well planted to fruit and flowers; 2 barns, hennery, gardens and farm land. Good mountain road available for small cars. Comfortable house with large living-room, big fireplace, hot-water heat, telephone, electric lights, electric pump, modern plumbing. Wood on place. Address JOHN A. ROCKWELL, Box 222, Harriman, Tenn.

LIVE STOCK

COLLIES make the best pals. Handsome, intelligent and faithful. Grown dogs and puppies from best imported winning dogs. Price and particulars, H. H. Shields, Bennington, Vt.

BOARD AND ROOM WANTED

BUSINESS woman desires board in private family in Jersey suburb. References exchanged. 6,150, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Graduate nurse of refinement and experience to take charge of infirmary in boys' boarding school in Connecticut. Please write, sending credentials, 6,144, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MOTHER'S helper.—Refined young woman wanted in September to go to Washington, D. C., for winter as mother's helper. Write, giving full details, M. E. S., 810 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—Competent woman to take entire charge of three-year-old child. Exceptional surroundings. Every facility and kindly consideration. Permanent position, good pay. References exchanged. Address Geo. F. Adams, Hotel Chamberlin, Fort Monroe, Va.

WANTED — Refined young woman as mother's helper. Minister's home, New Jersey suburban town. Assist with two daughters who attend school. Also sewing and help with housekeeping. 6.137, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman of refinement as attendant to elderly lady. Pleasant home given in exchange for light service. 6,143, Outlook.

WANTED — Matron for children's home. Nursing experience preferred. Unusual opportunity. 6,145, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

TUTOR wanted for sixteen year old boy. Must be thoroughly familiar with the psychology of that age; able to interest boy in outdoor life and exercises. Will probably travel during winter. Man under thirty desired. Salary $2,500 and expenses. Personal interview required 6,136, Outlook.

MATHEMATICS-science teacher wanted. Girls' boarding school, Philadelphia. Must be experienced in college preparation. 6,140, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman to teach little girl in sixth grade. Competent to teach English branches, French, and piano. 6,142, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

CAPABLE manager for institution or home. Several years' experience in large modern industrial, vocational, and juvenile reformation school in East. 6,149, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED—Position as steward or manager of dining hall at school or college by married man over draft age. Ten years' experience. Best references. 6,138, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as visiting chaperon in boarding school. New York City or suburb. 6,134, Outlook.

MANAGER or assistant manager of hotel or purchasing for large concern. Middle-aged woman, refined, executive ability, efficiency, tact. Highest references. 6,146, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as superintendent matron of institution, preferably children's private home. Experienced, refined, best recommendations. At liberty September 1. 6,109, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER. — American gentlewoman, 5 years' experience, excellent references, good home for self and son attending high school sufficient compensation. 6,132, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER of sub-normal child, broad training, valuable experience, capable full charge, invites correspondence. 6,117, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN, refined, nurse or governess. English schools ten years. Also graduate of the London College, England, for the rearing of children. Last post as nurse three years. Salary $70 monthly. 6,139, Outlook.

VISITING governess, New York City, 1918–1919. Would like to correspond now. Exceptional references. Piano also. 6,133, Outlook.

FRENCH tutoress. English, piano, college preparation; school or family. References. 6,148, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED, young women to take nine months' course in nursing chronic and convalescent invalids. F. E. Parker Memorial, New Brunswick, N. J.

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COWPER'S CONFESSION OF FAITH

The lines which your correspondent Mr. M. C. Coggeshall, 149 Broadway, New York City, submits to you as a "confession of faith" (in your issue of July 10, 1918) may be found in Cowper's "Task," Book V, "The Winter Morning Walk," of which they are the concluding lines. In their correct form they read as follows:

"But O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

The idea of formulating a "confession of faith" was probably entirely remote from Cowper's mind in composing these lines, although readers of his poetry will readily recognize in them an expression of the faith which he held. They occur as an ejaculation at the close of a passage in which he has dwelt upon the goodness of God and his presence in nature.

It will therefore be seen that the lines are of no great antiquity, "The Task" having been written in 1782. English literature stretches back so many centuries beyond the eighteenth that a classic work of that period can, historically, hardly be called old. As one of the brightest literary lights of the eighteenth century, Cowper ranks high among English poets, and his delightful metrical essays, as well as his numerous shorter poems, deserve wider recognition than they perhaps receive from twentieth-century readers.

Buffalo, New York. E. M. HOWARD.

PROTECTING ANIMALS IN ITALY

I shall be very grateful to you if you will kindly again find space in your columns to insert an appeal with regard to the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals. Its work has been carried on with vigor during the past year in spite of special difficulties, arising in part from many of our best inspectors being still serving with the army, in part from the circumstance that a large number of the strongest horses have been requisitioned for army work, so that increased labor falls to the lot of the weaker animals.

I add a few statistics of the operations of the inspectors:

Vehicles to which extra animals were attached	23,854
" properly balanced	13,176
" from which persons were made to alight	22,788
" of which the load was diminished	3,121
Confiscated: Sticks, whips, etc.	22,711
Prosecutions: For beating, kicking, overloading, driving furiously, etc.	1,093
Various: Horses, donkeys, and mules killed because injured or unfit for work.	100
Dogs and cats chloroformed	2,260
Relieved: Animals carried head downwards, etc.	6,716

I will only add that I make an earnest appeal to our generous friends in England and elsewhere to continue to us their support. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Percy Carew Essex, at 54 Overstrand Mansions, Battersea Park, London, S.W., or to Captain B. Basso, R.I.N.R., 8 Via Vittoria, Naples, Italy.

E. L. M. (Princess) MELE BARESE,
née MACKWORTH PRAED,
President Naples Society for the Protection of Animals.

Wetproof Steel Lined Shot Shells

DOUBLE your duck hunting luck in rough weather with the *right* shotshells—Remington UMC Smokeless "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" Wetproof Steel Lined "Speed Shells," made to stay dry and firm as a bullet regardless how wet the pocket that contains them, and shoot *right*.

There will be no hitch at a critical moment—no gun jammed with a water-soaked and swelled shell—no fizzled shots from mushy turnovers of the shell ends (crimps), or misfires from soaked primers. The same smooth working, high velocity and good pattern as always.

Remington UMC Smokeless "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" Wetproof Steel Lined "Speed Shells" are *completely* proofed against wet by a wonderful and exclusive process.

You will not be able to see the wetproof improvement, but you will know it is there when you put your shells to the test of shooting under conditions which only Wetproof shells can stand.

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Important to Subscribers

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

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BY THE WAY

Speaking of the Marne salient, as most of us are doing just now, Don Marquis remarks in the "Sun Dial:" "There seems to be considerable Franco-American binding around that well-known pocket."

Tommy Mason, a correspondent tells us, was superintendent of the construction work on the Tuckahoe, the naval collier turned out of the yards of the New York Ship-Building Corporation in 27 days 2 hours 55 minutes—the world's record cut in half. After the launching Charles M. Schwab sought Mason to learn how he and his men had made such phenomenal speed. "I want to pass your secret along to other shipyards," said Schwab. "No booze," replied Mason. "That's the secret."

A correspondent whose name is, not inappropriately, Butcher, asks a new food-saving question, namely: "What is the law in regard to eating whale on Fridays?"

A writer in the New York "Sun" remarks: "With the opening of Nantucket to the automobile this summer the last bar in New England has been let down. As only forty more voted for the innovation than against it, the change of local sentiment can scarcely be said to have got far beyond the stage of bitter controversy which for years has stirred up the island."

A singular happening in a draft board (Local Board No. 2, Richmond, Virginia) is told us by its chairman, Mr. H. W. Ellerson. He writes: "There were registered by our Board two Negro men, brothers, Abraham Baugh and Isaac Baugh, who lived together at 1120 West Moore Street, this city. The serial number of Abraham Baugh was 1,998, and that of Isaac Baugh 991. In the drawing in Washington, Serial No. 991 was drawn as Order No. 1,621, and Serial No. 1,998 was drawn as Order No. 1,622; thus the order numbers of these two brothers ran consecutively. We sent the two men to camp last week, and I told them I thought perhaps they were born under a lucky star and would probably make a record for themselves. I doubt if there is a similar case in the United States."

The octopus frequently changes in color, as if it were a marine chameleon. It would appear, from recent studies of this creature, that the colored pigment whereby this change in color is effected is contained in envelopes in its skin, in the tissue of which are muscular fibers actuated by nerves. Should these fibers become relaxed, a dark pigment appears. The phenomenon is said to be analogous to blushing. If the octopus is as wicked as Victor Hugo painted him, he *ought* to blush!

Mr. E. J. Riggs writes this short but pointed letter to the New York "Sun" about squealing: "On reading in the 'Sun' that German newspapers are indignant because American soldiers are using shotguns, I was reminded of a 'card shark' in Leadville in '79. He had held out a big hand for a killing, and had it stuck in the top of his boot. Finally he got his bank roll into a big pot and reached for his holdout to switch in, but found it gone. 'Hold on!' he yelled, 'I ain't going to play in this game—there's cheating going on.'"

The Negroes at Camp Dodge drafted into the National Army from Alabama were overjoyed at the amount of equipment they were given. One of them was talking to a white soldier about it. "Say, boss," he asked, "do dey give us all dese clothes for nuthin', without payin' for dem? An' all dese eats three times a day, an' a good bed, an' all dem blankets?" He was told that Uncle Sam gives them all these things. "Well, den, why in Sam Hill didn't dis wah staht soonah?"

An epigram attributed to Congressman Gallivan reads: "Rum has more enemies in public and more friends in private than any other substance the world has ever known."

Humorously describing the situation at the front, the Springfield "Republican" says: "In football terms, the German halfback on his plunge through tackle fumbled and dropped the ball, which was instantly grabbed by the French fullback and carried back around the other end in a brilliant run that brought the spectators on the Allied grand stands to their feet cheering. The French now have the ball for the first down on the 40-yard line."

In view of the paper shortage some one recalls old Ben Franklin's remarks: "One can scarce see a new book without observing the excessive artifices made use of to puff up a paper of verses into a pamphlet, a pamphlet into an octavo, and an octavo into a quarto, with scab-boardings, white lines, sparse titles of chapters, and exorbitant margins, to such a degree that the selling of paper seems now the object, and printing on it only the pretense. I enclose the copy of a page in a late comedy. Between every two lines there is a white space equal to another line. You have a law, I think, against butchers blowing veal to make it look fatter? Why not one against booksellers blowing books to make them look bigger?"

The chief inventions used in the present war as distinguished from the Napoleonic wars are listed as follows: Steamship, submarine, aircraft, high-power guns, smokeless powder, breech-loading gun, rapid-fire gun, revolver, automatic pistol, telephone, wireless telegraphy, automobile, poisonous gas.

As a fair illustration of the rabbit pest in certain portions of New Zealand, and especially in the drier sections of the South Island, it is stated that on an estate lately taken over by the New Zealand Government, comprising 12,446 acres of freehold and a pastoral run of 19,250 acres, there were killed or captured about 120,000 rabbits in order to clear up the property so as to make it suitable for the location of returned soldiers.

From January, 1915, to the end of May, 1918, four hundred and seven ships sunk by the Germans in British waters have been salvaged, so a note in "Shipping" states. Feats performed by the Salvage Department include the raising of a large collier sunk in twelve fathoms of water, involving a dead lift of 3,500 tons.

"Do you remember the line 'Like that above'?" is the question which Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to have asked his classmate, Samuel F. Smith, about his poem "America." Dr. Holmes went on: "What does the word *that* refer to?" Smith replied, "To *rapture*." No doubt other readers of the hymn have been puzzled by the line. The stanza in full is as follows:

> "My native country, thee,
> Land of the noble free,—
> Thy name I love;
> I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills;
> My heart with rapture thrills
> Like that above."

WORKING GIRLS' VACATION

Owing to the increase in railway fares and the high cost of living, the Working Girls' Vacation Society is obliged to ask its friends and the generous public for funds to continue its work this summer.

More girls than usual have applied, and there is a long waiting list.

Owing to lack of funds, the Society has given up one of its boarding-places, which can be obtained again if the money is given.

The girls who work all winter in the shops and factories need a vacation. Who will help them? Forty dollars will pay board, traveling expenses, and medical care for a girl with incipient tuberculosis at Santa Clara, New York, for a month. Ten dollars will pay board and traveling expenses for two weeks.

Checks may be made payable to the Working Girls' Vacation Society and sent to the office, Room 416, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

YOUR BIT? OR YOUR BEST?

BY WILLIAM J. CROMIE

A second-story man enters a house, and at the point of a pistol demands one's valuables. A food speculator corners a certain article of diet. He "hogs the market," and then forces the prices of commodities higher and higher, while his poor victims cry for bread. What is the difference in these two types of men? The only difference is in the method of stealing.

A young man is without a job. He lives off the labor of his father and mother. He claims that he cannot find employment, and this during a time when the conservation of man power is needed as never before.

A ship is sinking. The captain orders all hands to the pumps. "Keep the pumps going, and I will land you safely," is the captain's assurance. All of the sailors except one spring to the pumps. This man sits on a coil of rope and smokes his pipe. "Do you want to drown?" asks a shipmate. "I won't drown," is the cool reply; "not while you boys are doing my share of the work. You must keep the pumps going whether I help or not."

A great Republic, in real need of men, exhorts citizens to respond to the call to the colors. One type of man replies: "I'm a pacifist, and not one with a fist in it, as I don't believe in fighting." He is not willing to do his bit, let alone his best.

Our country has floated three Liberty Bonds, and may need many more before world democracy is a reality. One kind of man (?) says: "I don't believe I'll subscribe. The country is full of fellows that are keyed up with patriotic fervor, and when it comes to a showdown they'll make a few sacrifices and take care of my part rather than see the country fail in its purpose of winning the war."

Are not all of these men in the same class? Are they not all slackers? Are they not all stealing, either from their friend or the Government?

Don't be a second-story man or a food speculator, either for profit or to appease a growing appetite.

Don't be a parasite, living off your parents.

Don't sit on a coil of rope when the ship is sinking.

Don't be a slacker. Put the "fist" in "pacifist" and strike good and hard.

Don't fail to subscribe to every Liberty Loan, even if tremendous sacrifice must be made. Not your bit, but your best.

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